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ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND;

BEING
A COMPLETE HISTORY,
OF ALL THE
NOTABLE EXPLOITS

PERFORMED BY
HIM AND HIS MEN.

• — * — •

To which is prefixed, a more particular Account of

HIS LIFE,

than any hitherto published.

I'll send this Arrow from my Bow,
And in a Wager will be bound,
To hit the Mark aright, although
It were for Fifteen Hundred Pound.
Doubt not, I'll make the Wager good,
Or ne'er believe bold ROBIN HOOD.

.....
THE EIGHTEENTH EDITION.
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WHITCHURCH,
PRINTED BY JAMES WRIGHT.

1799.



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L I F E
OF
ROBIN HOOD.

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THERE is scarce any story so little known, for one so popular, as that of ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN. Numbers there are who look on all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of *Homer* and *Ovid*) to have existed no where but in the fertile brain of an inventing poet. Nor is this the opinion of an unthinking people: I have often heard it asserted by men of good sense; but that they are grossly mistaken is very certain: for *King Richard the First*, transported with zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruined himself and almost his whole nation, to carry on a war against the *Infidels* in the *Holy Land*, where he went in person. The intestine troubles of *England* were very great at that time; and even *John*, the King's brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take possession of his kingdom. This was an opportunity which the *Outlaws* and *Banditti* would by no means neglect, and *England* was every where infested with thieves and robbers. But amongst those none made so considerable a figure as *Robin Hood*; who, as *Historians* assure us, chiefly resi-

ded in *Yorkshire*; but who, if we may give any credit to most of our old songs, was very conversant in the County of *Nottingham*. Besides *Little John* he had an hundred bowmen in his retinue, but none but the rich stood in awe of him: so far from spoiling the poor, he did them all the good that lay in his power. Of the rich, he seldom abused those he robbed, and never offered to stop or rifle any woman. It is not positively known who he was; but the general opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable service done to his Country in war. But having riotously spent his estate, he took that way of living, rather chusing to venture his life, or every thing he got, than to live in a dependant state, and be beholden to any body for his bread. *Aubert*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and Chief Justiciary of *England*, endeavouring all he could to suppress those robbers and outlaws, set a very considerable price upon the head of *Robin Hood*, and several stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by force, and art by cunning: till falling ill, he went (in order to be the better taken care of) to *Birkleys*, a nunnery in *Yorkshire*, where he desired to be let blood; but the reward set upon his head being very considerable, it proved a great temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed; and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to death about the latter end of 1395. As to the following song,

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with which we begin this collection, I think I need not say any thing in commendation of it, being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant on that subject. One thing we must observe in reading it, and that is, between some of the stanzas we must suppose a considerable time to pass. *Clorinda* might be a very forward girl, if between *Robin Hood's* question and her answer we did not suppose two or three hours to have been spent in courtship. And between *Robin Hood's* being entertained at *Gamewell-Hall*, and his having ninety-three bowmen in *Sherwood*, we must allow some years. I know not how our criticks will relish this: but I would have them remember, that the poets of old scorned to curb the poetic fire to give way to dull rule. They had no tedious comment upon *Aristotle* to consult; no *Bosses* nor *Dennis's* to guide them. Their works were the first flight of a lively imagination; and poets were looked upon, like other *Englishmen*, born to live, and write with freedom.



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## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

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1. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood, with Clorinda, Queen of Tidbury Feast.*

*Supposed to be related by the Fiddler, who played at their Wedding.*

KIND gentlemen will you be silent awhile,  
Aye, and then you shall hear anon  
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,  
And of his brave man Little John.  
In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,  
In merry sweet Locksley town,  
There hold Robin Hood he was born and bred,  
Bold Robin of famous renown.  
The father of Robin a forrester was,  
And he shot with a lusty strong bow,  
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shoot,  
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know.  
For they brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the  
And William of Cloudelle, [Clough,  
To shoot with the forrester for forty marks,  
And the forrester beat them all three.  
His mother was niece to the Coventry Knight  
Whom Warwickshire men call Sir Guy,  
For he slew the blue boar that hangs up at his gate,  
Or my host at the Bull tells a lie.  
Her brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell,  
A noble housekeeper was he, [Hall,  
As

## ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

As ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,  
 And a 'Squire of famous degree.  
 The mother of Robin said to her husband,  
 My honey my love and my dear,  
 Let Robin and I ride this morn to Gamewell,  
 To taste of my brother's good cheer.  
 And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,  
 Take one of my horses I pray;  
 The sun is rising, and therefore make haste.  
 For to-morrow is Christmas Day.  
 Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was  
 And saddled and bridled was he, [brought,  
 O what a blue bonnet his new suit of cloaths,  
 And a cloak that hung down to his knee.  
 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,  
 They were all of a light Lincoln green;  
 The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and  
 It might have becomed our queen. [make  
 And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,  
 And a dagger on the other side;  
 And said my dear mother let us haste to be gone,  
 We have forty long miles for to ride,  
 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,  
 His father, without any trouble,  
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,  
 His gelding had oft carried double.  
 And when she was settled they rode to their neigh-  
 And drank and shook hands with 'em all; [bours  
 And then Robin gallop'd and never gave over,  
 Till they lighted at Gamewell-Hall.  
 And now you may think the right worshipfull  
 Was joyful his sister to see; [Squire  
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He kiss'd her and kiss'd her, and swore a great oath,  
 Thou art welcome, kind sister to me;  
 The morrow when mass had been said in the chapel,  
 Six tables were cover'd in the hall;  
 And in came the 'Squire and made a stout speech,  
 It was, gentlemen, you're welcome all.  
 But not a man here shall taste my March beer,  
 Till a Christmas carol he does sing;  
 Then all clapt their hands, they shouted and sung  
 Till the hall and parlour did ring.  
 Now mustard and brawn; roast beef and plumpies,  
 Were set upon every table;  
 And noble George Gamewell said eat and be merry  
 And drink as long as you're able.  
 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,  
 And be merry my friends said the squire;  
 It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,  
 And lay some more wood on the fire.  
 And call ye Little John unto me;  
 For Little John is a fine lad;  
 At gambols, juggling, and twenty such tricks  
 As shall make you both merry and glad.  
 When Little John came, to gambols they went,  
 Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown,  
 And what do you think—why, as true as I live  
 Bold Robin Hood put them all down.  
 And now you may think the right worshipful squire  
 Was joyful this fight for to see;  
 For he said cousin Robin thou go'st no more home,  
 But tarry, and dwell here with me.  
 Thou shalt have my land when I die; and till then  
 Thou shalt be the staff of my age.

B

Then .

The grant me my boon, dear uncle, says Robin,  
 That little John may be my page;  
 And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,  
 With all my heart, so let it be.  
 Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,  
 Come hither my page unto me.  
 Go fetch me my bow, my longest bow,  
 And broad arrows, nine, two, or three;  
 And when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,  
 Some merry pastime for to see;  
 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,  
 He winded his bugle so clear;  
 And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold  
 Before Robin Hood did appear.  
 Where are your companions, said bold Robin,  
 For still I want forty and three;  
 Then said a bold yeoman, lo, yonder they stand  
 All under the green wood tree.  
 As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,  
 The queen of the shepherds was she;  
 And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,  
 And her buskin did reach to her knee.  
 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,  
 And her countenance free from pride;  
 A bow in her hand, a quiver of arrows,  
 Hung dangling down her sweet side.  
 Her eyebrows were black, aye, and so was her hair,  
 And her skin was as smooth as a glass;  
 Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too,  
 Not with Robin Hood was such a lass.  
 Says Robin Hood, lady fair, whither away,  
 O whither fair lady away?

And

And she made him answer, to kill a fat buck,  
 For to-morrow is Tibbury-day.  
 Said bold Robin Hood, lady fair, wander with me  
 A little to yonder green bow'r;  
 Here sit down to rest you, and you may be sure  
 Of a brace or a leath' in an hour.  
 And as they were going towards the green bow'r,  
 Two hundred fat bucks they elpy'd,  
 He chose out the fattest that was in the herd,  
 And shot him through side and side,  
 By the faith of my body, says bold Robin Hood,  
 I never saw woman like thee;  
 Com'st thou from East, or com'st thou from West,  
 Thou need'st not beg venison of me.  
 However along to my bower you shall go,  
 And taste of a forester's meat,  
 And when we came there we found as good cheer  
 As any man need for to eat.  
 For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,  
 Cream clouted, and honey-combs plenty;  
 And the serviteurs were, besides Little John,  
 Good yeomen, at least four and twenty.  
 Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle sir,  
 And he said, 'tis bold Robin Hood;  
 I quire Gamewell's my uncle, but all my delight  
 Is to dwell in merry Sherwood.  
 For 'tis a fine life, and void of all strife;  
 So it is sir, Clorinda reply'd;  
 But Oh! said bold Robin how sweet it would be,  
 If Clorinda would be my sweet bride.  
 He blush'd at the motion, yet, after a pause,  
 Said, yes, Sir, with all my heart;

And

Then



Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,  
 And be married before we do part.  
 But she said, it may be not so, gentle Sir,  
 For I must be at Tidbury feast;  
 And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,  
 I'll make him a most welcome guest.  
 Said Robin, reach me that buck, Little John,  
 For I'll go along with my dear;  
 And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,  
 And meet me to-morrow, just here.  
 Before she had gone five Staffordshire miles,  
 Eight yeomen, that were too bold,  
 Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck,  
 A truer tale never was told.  
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin: Come John,  
 Stand by me, and we'll beat them all;  
 Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and  
 That five out of eight did fall. [slash'd 'em  
 The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter  
 And pitiful John begg'd their lives;  
 When John's boon was granted, he gave them good  
 And sent them home to their wives. [cunse  
 This battle was fought near Tidbury town,  
 When the bagpipes baited the bull;  
 I'm king of the fiddlers, and I swear it is truth,  
 And I call him that denies it a gull.  
 For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while,  
 And Clorinda sung hey derry down:  
 The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword Bob  
 And now let us dance into the town.  
 Before we came in we heard a strange shouting,  
 And all that were in it look'd madly.

Fo

For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morrice,  
And some singing Arthur O'Bradley,  
And there we saw Thomas our justice's clerk,  
And Mary, to whom he was kind;  
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam  
And kiss'd her full sweetly behind.  
And so may your worships; but we went to dinner,  
With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan,  
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her  
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.  
When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson  
Of Dunbridge, was sent for in haste;  
He brought a mass-book and bid them take hands  
And he join'd them in marriage full fast.  
And then as bold Robin Hood and his bride,  
Went hand in hand to the green bow'r,  
The birds sang with pleasure in merry Sherwood,  
And 'twas a most joyful hour.  
When Robin Hood came in sight of the bower,  
Where are my yeomen, said he;  
Little John answer'd, lo, yonder they stand,  
All under the green wood tree.  
Then a garland they brought her, by two and by  
And plac'd it all on the bride's head. [two.  
The music struck up and we all fell a dancing,  
Till the bride and bridegroom were in bed,  
And what they did there must be counsel to me,  
Because they laid long the next day;  
And I made haste home; but I got a good piece  
Of the bride cake, and soon came away.  
Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,  
That married they were with a ring.

And so will Nan Knight, or lie buried a maiden :  
 So now let us pray for the king ;  
 That he may get children, & they may get more,  
 To govern, and do us some good ;  
 And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bow,  
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.

2. *Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham, in which  
 he slew Fifteen Foresters.*

**R**OBIN HOOD was a tall young man,  
 Derry, derry down,  
 Of fifteen winters old ;  
 And Robin Hood was a proper young man,  
 Of courage stout and bold.  
 Hey down, derry down.  
 Robin Hood went to fair Nottingham,  
 With the generals for to dine ;  
 There he was aware of fifteen foresters,  
 Drinking beer, ale, and wine.  
 What news, what news, said bold Robin Hood,  
 What news fain wouldst thou know ;  
 Our king hath provided a shooting match,  
 And I am ready with my bow.  
 We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen foresters,  
 That ever a boy so young  
 Should bear a bow before our king,  
 That's not able to draw one string.  
 'I'll hold you twenty marks said Robin Hood,  
 By the leave of our lady,  
 That I'll hit the mark an hundred foot,  
 And I'll cause an hart to die.

We'll



# ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND!

69

We'll hold you twenty marks, said the foresters,  
 By the leave of our lady,  
 Thou hits not the mark an hundred rood,  
 Nor cause the hart to die.  
 Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,  
 And a broad arrow he let fly,  
 He hit the mark an hundred rood,  
 And caus'd a hart to die.  
 Some say he broke ribs one or two,  
 And some say he broke three;  
 The arrow in the hart would not abide,  
 But glanc'd in two or three.  
 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap  
 And the hart lay on the ground;  
 The wagers nine, said bold Robin Hood,  
 If it were for a thousand pound.  
 The wagers none of thine, said the foresters,  
 Altho' thou be in haste;  
 Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,  
 Lest we thy sides do baste.  
 Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,  
 And his broad arrows all amain;  
 And Robin been pleas'd, began for to smile,  
 As he went over the plain.  
 Then Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,  
 And his arrows he let fly,  
 Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters  
 Upon the ground did lie.  
 He that did the quarrel first begin  
 Went tripping o'er the plain;  
 But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,  
 And fetch'd him back again.

You

You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,  
 But say so now again;  
 With that he sent another arrow,  
 And split his head in twain.  
 You have found me an archer said Robin Hood,  
 Which will make your wives to wring,  
 And wish that you had never spoke the word,  
 That I could not draw one string.  
 The people that liv'd in fair Nottingham,  
 Came running out amain,  
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,  
 With the foresters that were slain.  
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
 And some did lose their blood;  
 But Robin took up his noble good bow,  
 And is gone to the merry green wood,  
 They carry'd these foresters to fair Nottingham,  
 As many there did know;  
 They digg'd them graves in their church yard,  
 And buried them all on a row.

3. *Robin Hood and the jolly Pindar of Wakefield;  
 shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will Scarlet  
 and Little John, a long Summer's Day.*

**I**N Wakefield town there lives a jolly Pindar,  
 In Wakefield all on the green,  
 There is neither knight nor squire, said the Pindar  
 Nor Baron so bold, nor Baron so bold,  
 Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,  
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold.

All this was heard by three witty young men,  
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,  
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindar,  
As he sat under a thorn:

Now turn again, turn again, said the Pindar,  
For a wrong way you have gone;  
For you have forsaken the king's highway,  
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,  
We being three and thou but one;  
The Pindar leap'd back then thirty good foot,  
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He lean'd his back fast unto a tree,  
And his foot against a thorn,  
And there he fought a long summer's day,  
And a summer's day so long;

Till their swords on their broad bucklers  
Were broken close to their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin  
And my merry men every one; [Hood,  
For this is one of the best Pindars  
That ever I try'd with a sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy Pindar's craft,  
And live in the Green Wood with me?

At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,  
When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,  
And plod to the Green Wood with thee.

Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,  
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, said the Pindar,  
And good ale of the best;



And that's meat good enough, said Robin Hood,  
For such unbidden guests.

O! wilt thou forsake thy Pindar's craft,  
And go to the Green Wood with me;  
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,  
One green and the other brown shall be.  
If Michaelmas Day was come and gone,  
And my master had paid me my fee,  
Then would I set as little by him  
As my master does by me.

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4. *Robin Hood and the Bishop; shewing how Robin went to an old Woman's House, and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the Bishop; and how he robbed him of his Gold, and made him sing Mass.*

COME gentlemen all, and listen awhile,  
With a hey down, down, and a down,  
And a story to you I'll unfold;  
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,  
When he robb'd him of all his gold.  
As it fell out one sun shining day,  
When Phœbus was in his prime,  
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,  
In mirth would spend his time.  
And as he was walking the forrest along,  
Some pastime for to 'spy,  
There he was aware of a proud Bishop,  
And all his company.  
O what shal I do, said Robin Hood then,  
If the Bishop he does take me?

No

No mercy he'll shew unto me, I know,  
Therefore away I'll flee.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,  
And a little house there did he 'spy,  
Then to an old wife, to save his life,  
He aloud began to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the woman,  
Come tell it me for good;

I am an outlaw, as many do know,  
And my name is Robin Hood.

And yonder's the Bishop and all his men;  
And, if that I taken be,

Then day and night he'll work my spite,  
And hanged I shall be.

If thou be bold Robin Hood, said the old woman,  
As thou dost seem to be,

I'll for thee provide, thy person to hide  
From the Bishop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night

Thou brought'st me both shoes and hose,  
Therefore I'll provide, thy person to hide,  
And keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of grey,  
And take thou my mantle of green;

Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,  
And take thou my arrows so keen.

Now when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,  
He went straight to his company;

With his spindle and twine he oft look'd behind  
For the Bishop and all his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,  
That now comes over the lee?

An arrow at her I will let fly,  
So like an old witch looks she.  
O hold thy hand, O hold thy hand, said Robin  
And shoot not thy arrows so keen; [Hood  
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,  
As quickly shall be seen.  
The Bishop he came to the old woman's house,  
And he called with furious mood;  
Come let me see, and bring unto me  
That traitor Robin Hood.  
The old woman sat on a milk white steed,  
Himself on a dapple grey;  
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,  
He went laughing all the way.  
But as they were riding the forrest along,  
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see,  
A hundred brave bowmen stout and bold  
Stand under the Green Wood Tree.  
O who is yonder, the Bishop then said,  
That's ranging within yonder wood?  
Marry, says the old woman, I think it be  
A man called Robin Hood.  
Why, who art thou, the Bishop he said,  
Which I have here with me?  
Why, I am a woman, thou cuckoldy Bishop,  
Lift up my leg and see.  
Then woe is me, the Bishop he said,  
That ever I saw this day!  
He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood so stout,  
Called to him and bid him stay.  
Then Robin Hood took hold of the Bishop's horse  
And ty'd him fast to a tree;



Then smil'd Little John, his master upon,  
 For joy of his company.  
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 Then out of the Bishop's portmanteau  
 He soon told five hundred pounds.  
 Now let him go, said Robin Hood,  
 Said Little John that may not be;  
 For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,  
 Before that he goes from me.  
 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,  
 And he bound him fast to a tree,  
 Then made him sing a mass, god wot,  
 To him and his yeomendry.  
 Now when they had brought him thro' the Wood,  
 And set him on his dapple grey,  
 They gave him the tail within his hand,  
 And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

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5. *Robin Hood and the Butcher; shewing how he used the Butcher and Sheriff of Nottingham.*

COME all you brave gallants and listen a-while  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 That are this bower within;  
 For of bold Robin Hood, that larcher good,  
 A song I intend to sing.  
 Upon a time it chanced so,  
 Bold Robin in the forrest did 'spy  
 A jolly Butcher, with a bonny fine mare,  
 With his flesh to the market did hie.

Good

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,  
What food hast thou, tell unto me?  
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company  
The Butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,  
No matter where I dwell;  
For a Butcher I am, and to Nottingham  
I am going, my flesh to sell.  
What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin,  
Come tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,  
For a Butcher I fain would be,  
The price of my flesh, the Butcher reply'd,  
I soon will tell unto thee,  
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,  
Four marks thou shalt give unto me.  
Four marks I will give thee, said jolly Robin,  
Four marks it shall be thy fee;  
The money come count, and let me mount,  
For a Butcher I fain would be.  
Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
His Butcher's trade to begin;  
With a good intent to the Sheriff's he went,  
And there he took up his Inn.  
When other Butchers did open their shops,  
Bold Robin he then begun,  
But, how to sell, he knew not well,  
For a Butcher he was but young.  
When other Butchers no meat could sell,  
Robin he got both gold and fee;  
For he sold more meat for one penny  
Than others could do for three.

But

# ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

17

But when he sold his meat so fast,  
 No Butcher by him could thrive;  
 For he sold more meat for one penny,  
 Than others could do for five.  
 Which made the Butchers of Nottingham  
 To study as they did stand;  
 Saying, surely he was some prodigal,  
 That has sold his father's land.  
 The Butchers stepped up to jolly Robin,  
 Acquainted with him for to be;  
 Come brother, one said, we be all of one trade,  
 Come, will you go dine with me?  
 Accurs'd be the heart, said jolly Robin,  
 That a Butcher will deny,  
 I will go with you, my brethren true  
 And as fast as I can hie.  
 But when to the Sheriff's house they came,  
 To dinner they bided apace;  
 And Robin Hood he the man must be  
 Before them all to say grace.  
 Pray God bless us all, said Robin Hood,  
 And our meat within this place:  
 A cup of sack so good, will nourish our blood,  
 And so I end my grace.  
 Come, fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,  
 Let us be merry, while we stay;  
 For wine and good cheer, be it ever so dear,  
 I vow I the reckoning will pay.  
 Come, brother, be merry, said jolly Robin,  
 Let's drink and never give o'er;  
 For the shot I will pay, and not go my way,  
 If it cost me five pounds or more.

This



This is a mad blade, the Butcher then said,  
Says the Sheriff he's some prodigal  
That some land has sold for silver or gold,  
And now doth mean to spend it all.  
Hast thou any horn'd beasts, the Sheriff then said,  
Good fellow to sell unto me ;  
Yes, that I have, good master Sheriff,  
I have hundreds two or three.  
And an hundred acres of good free land,  
If you please it for to see ;  
And I'll make you as good assurance of it,  
As ever my father did me.  
The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,  
And took three hundred pounds in gold,  
Then away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
His horned beasts to behold.  
Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood :  
Then the Sheriff did say, God bless us this day  
From a man that they call Robin Hood.  
But when a little further they came,  
Bold Robin he chanc'd to espy  
An hundred head of good fat deer,  
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.  
How like you my horned beasts, master Sheriff,  
They be fat and fair to see ;  
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
For I like not thy company.  
Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew out blasts three ;  
Then quickly and anon there came Little John,  
With all his company.

What

What is your will, master, then said Little John,  
I pray come tell unto me?

I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottingham,  
This day to dine with thee.

He is welcome to me, then said Little John,  
I hope he will honestly pay:

I know he has gold, if it were but told,  
Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin he took his mantle from his back,  
And laid it upon the ground;

Then out of the Sheriff's portmanteau he  
Soon told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the Wood,  
And set him on his dapple grey;

O have me commended to your wife at home;  
So Robin went laughing away.

—\*—

6. *Robin Hood and the Tanner; or, Robin Hood  
met with his match.*

*Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

**I**N Nottingham there lives a jolly Tanner,  
With a hey down, down, and a down,

His name is Arthur o'Bland,

There is never a 'Squire in Nottinghamshire  
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

With a long pike staff upon his shoulder,  
So well he can clear his way.

By two and by three, he makes them to flee,  
For he hath no list to stay-

And as he went out in a summer's morn'ing  
Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,

D

To

To view the red deer that ran here and there,  
 There met he with bold Robin Hood.  
 As soon as bold Robin did him espy,  
 He thought he some sport would make ;  
 Therefore out of hand, he bid him to stand,  
 And thus unto him he spake.  
 Why, who art thou, bold fellow,  
 That rangest so boldly here?  
 In troth, to be brief, thou looks like a thief,  
 That comes to steal our king's deer.  
 For I am a keeper in this forrest,  
 The king puts me in trust,  
 To look to the deer that range here and there,  
 Therefore stop thee I must.  
 If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,  
 And hast such great command ;  
 Yet thou must have more partakers in store,  
 Before thou make me to stand.  
 No I have no more partakers in store,  
 Or any that I do need ;  
 But I have a staff of another oak graft,  
 I know it will do the deed.  
 For thy sword and thy bow, I care not a straw,  
 And all thy arrows to boot,  
 If thou gets a knock upon thy bare scap,  
 Thou canst as well sh--t as shoot.  
 Speak cleanly good fellow, said jolly Robin,  
 And give better terms unto me ;  
 Else thee I'll correct for thy neglect,  
 And make thee more mannerly.  
 Marry-gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur O'Bland,  
 Art thou such a goodly man?

I care



ere, I care not a fig for your looking so big,  
 Mend yourself wherever you can.  
 Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,  
 And laid down his bow so long ;  
 He took up a staff of another oak graft,  
 That was both stiff and strong.  
 I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,  
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine ;  
 For I have a staff of another oak graft,  
 Not half a foot longer than thine.  
 But let me measure, said jolly Robin,  
 Before we begin the fray ;  
 For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,  
 For that will be counted foul play.  
 I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,  
 My staff is of oak so free ;  
 Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,  
 And I hope it will knock down thee.  
 Then Robin he could no longer forbear,  
 But gave him a heavy good knock,  
 But quickly and soon the blood it ran down,  
 Before it was ten o'clock.  
 Then Arthur soon recovered himself,  
 And gave him a knock on the crown ;  
 That from every side of Robin Hood's head,  
 The blood ran trickling down.  
 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild boar,  
 As soon as he saw his own blood ;  
 Then bland was in haste, he laid on him so fast,  
 As if he had been cleaving of wood.  
 Bland, And about, and about, and about they went,  
 Like two wild boars in a chace ;

I care

Striving to aim, each other to maim,  
Leg, arm, or any other place.  
And knock for knock they lustily fought,  
Which held two hours or more;  
That all the wood rang at every bang,  
They ply'd their work so fore.  
Hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
And let our quarrel fall;  
For here we may thrash our bones to mash,  
And get no corn at all.  
And in the forrest of merry Sherwood,  
Hereafter thou shalt be free;  
God ha'mercy for nought my freedom I bought,  
I may thank my good staff and not thee.  
What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,  
Good fellow, I prithee me shew;  
And also me tell in what place dost thou dwell,  
For these things fain would I know.  
I am a tanner bold Arthur reply'd,  
In Nottingham long have I wrought;  
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,  
I'll tan thy hide for nought.  
God ha'mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,  
Since thou art so kind and free;  
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,  
I'll do as much for thee.  
And if thou'lt forsake thy tanning trade,  
To live in the green-wood with me;  
My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,  
To give thee both gold and fee.  
If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,  
As I think well thou art,

Then

Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur O'Bland,  
We two will never part.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,  
Of him fain would I hear;

For we are ally'd by the mother's side,  
He is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew his bugle horn,  
He blew both loud and shrill;

And, quickly anon, he saw Little John,  
Come tripping down the green hill.

O! what is the matter, then said Little John,  
Master, I pray you tell?

bought, Why do you stand with your staff in your hand?  
I fear all is not well.

O man I do stand and he makes me to stand,  
The tanner that stands by my side;

dwell, He is a bonny blade; and master of his trade,  
For he has foundly tan'd my hide.

He is to be commended, said little John,  
If he such a feat can do;

If he be so stout we will have a bout,  
And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
For, as I do understand,

He's a yeoman good, and of thy own blood,  
His name is Arthur O'Bland.

Then little John threw his staff away,  
As far as he could fling;

ood, And ran out of hand to Arthur O'Bland,  
And about his neck did cling.

y'd, With loving respect there was no neglect,  
They were nice nor coy;

Then Each



Each other did face with a loving grace,  
 And both did weep for joy.  
 Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,  
 And danced about the oak tree ;  
 For three merry men, and three merry men,  
 And three merry men we be.  
 And ever after as long as we live,  
 We three will be as one ;  
 The wood it shall ring, and the old wife shall sing  
 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

—\*—

7. *Robin Hood rescuing the three 'Squires from  
 Nottingham Gallows.*

**B**OLD Robin Hood ranged the forest all round,  
 The forest all round ranged he :  
 O there did he meet with a gay lady,  
 She came weeping along the highway.  
 Why weep you why weep you bold Robin he said,  
 What weep you for gold or fee?  
 Or do you weep for your maidenhead,  
 That is taken from your body?  
 I weep not for gold, this lady reply'd,  
 Neither do I weep for fee,  
 Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,  
 That is taken from my body.  
 What weep you for then? said jolly Robin,  
 I prythee come tell unto me :  
 Oh ! I do weep for my three sons,  
 For they are condemned to die.  
 What Church have they robbed, said jolly Robin,  
 Or parish Priest have they slain;

What

What maids have they forced against their will,  
Or with other men's wives have they lain?  
No church have they robbed, this Lady reply'd,  
Nor parish Priest have they slain;  
No maids have they forced against their wills,  
Nor with other men's wives have they lain.  
What have they done then? said jolly Robin,  
Come tell me most speedily:  
Oh! its all for killing the King's fallow deer,  
And they're all condemned to die.  
Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,  
Get you home most speedily;  
And I will then to fair Nottingham go,  
For the sake of the 'Squires all three.  
Then Robin Hood to Nottingham goes,  
For Nottingham town goes he,  
Oh! there he did meet with a poor beggar man,  
He came creeping along the highway.  
What news, what news thou old beggar man,  
What news, come tell unto me?  
O! there is weeping and wailing in fair Notting-  
For the death of the 'Squires all three. [ham,  
This beggarman had a coat on his back,  
It was neither green, yellow, or red,  
Bold Robin Hood thought it was no disgrace,  
To be in the beggar man's stead,  
Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar man,  
And you shall put on mine;  
And forty good shillings I'll give you to boot,  
Besides brandy good beer, ale and wine.  
Bold Robin Hood then to Nottingham came,  
Unto Nottingham town came he;

And

And there did he meet with great master Sheriff,  
 Aye, and likewise the 'Squires all three.  
 One boon, one boon said jolly Robin,  
 One boon I beg upon my knee,  
 That, as for the death of the three 'Squires,  
 Their hangman I may be.  
 Soon granted, soon granted, says master Sheriff,  
 Soon grant it I will unto thee;  
 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,  
 And all their white money.  
 O, I'll have none of their gay cloathing,  
 Nor none of their white money,  
 But I'll have three blasts of my bugle horn,  
 That their souls to heaven may flee.  
 Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,  
 Where he blew both loud and thrill,  
 'Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,  
 Came marching all down the green hill.  
 Whose men are all these, says great master Sheriff,  
 Whose men are they, tell unto me?  
 O they are all mine, but none of thine,  
 And they're come for the 'Squires all three.  
 O take them, O take them says great master Sheriff,  
 O take them along with thee;  
 For there's never a man, in all Nottingham,  
 That can do the like of thee.

—\*—

8. *Robin Hood and the jolly Tinker.*

*Tune of, In Summer Time.*

**I**N summer time when leaves grow green,  
 Down, a down, a down,

And



And birds sing on every tree,  
 Hey down, a down, a down;  
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,  
 Down, a down, a down,  
 As fast as he could dree,  
 Hey down, a down, a down,  
 And as he came to Nottingham,  
 A tinker he did meet,  
 And seeing him a lusty blade,  
 He kindly him did greet.  
 Where dost thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,  
 I Pray thee now me tell?  
 Sad news I hear, there is abroad,  
 I fear all is not well.  
 What is the news, the tinker said,  
 Tell me without delay?  
 I am a tinker by my trade,  
 And do live at Banbury.  
 As for the news quoth Robin Hood,  
 It is but as I hear,  
 Two tinkers were set in the stocks,  
 For drinking ale and Beer.  
 If that be all, the tinker said,  
 (As I may say to you,  
 Your law it is not worth a fart,  
 Since that they all be true.  
 For drinking of good ale and beer,  
 You will not loose your part;  
 No by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,  
 I love it with all my heart.  
 What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Tell me what thou dost hear?

E

Being

Being thou goest from town to town,  
 Some news thou need'st not fear.  
 All the news I have, the Tinker said,  
 I hear it is for good;  
 It is to seek a bold outlaw,  
 Whom they call Robin Hood.  
 I have a warrant from the King,  
 To take him where I can;  
 If thou canst tell me where he is,  
 I will make thee a man.  
 The King would give an hundred pounds,  
 That he could but him see,  
 And if you can now him get,  
 It will serve thee and me,  
 Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,  
 I'll see if it be right;  
 And I will do the best I can,  
 For to take him this night.  
 That I will not the tinker said,  
 None with it I will trust;  
 And where he is, if you'll not tell,  
 Take him by force I must.  
 But Robin Hood perceiving well,  
 How then the game would go,  
 If you will go to Nottingham,  
 We shall find him I know.  
 A crab tree staff the Tinker had,  
 Which was both stout and strong;  
 Robin he had a good strong blade,  
 And so they both went along.  
 And when they come to Nottingham,  
 There they took up their Inn,

And

And they called for ale and wine,  
To drink it was no sin.  
But ale and wine they drank so fast,  
That the tinker he forgot  
What thing he was about to do—  
It fell so to his lot.  
That while the tinker was asleep,  
Robin made haste away,  
And left the tinker in the lurch,  
All the great shot to pay.  
But when the tinker did awake,  
And saw that he was gone;  
He called out then for the host,  
And thus he made his morn:  
I had a warrant from the King,  
That might have done me good,  
It was to seek a bold outlaw,  
Some call him Robin Hood,  
But now the warrant and money is gone,  
Nothing I have to pay;  
And he that promised to be my friend,  
Is gone and fled away.  
That friend you speak of said the host,  
They call him Robin Hood;  
And when he first met with you,  
He meant you little good.  
Had I but known it had been he,  
When that I had him here,  
The one of us should tried our might,  
Which should have paid full sore.  
In the mean time I will away,  
No longer here I'll abide;



But I will go and seek him out,  
Whatever me betide.  
But one thing I would gladly know,  
What here I have to pay?  
Ten shillings just, then said the host,  
I'll pay it without delay,  
Or else take here my working bag,  
And my hammer too,  
And if I light upon the knave,  
I will then soon pay you.  
The only way then said the host,  
And not to stand in fear,  
Is to seek him among the parks,  
Killing of the Kings deer,  
The tinker he then went with speed,  
And made then no delay,  
Till he found brave Robin Hood,  
That they might have a fray.  
At last he spy'd him in a park,  
Hunting then of the deer;  
What knave is that quoth Robin Hood,  
That doth come me so near.  
No knave, no knave, the tinker said,  
And that you soon shall know,  
Which of us has done any wrong,  
My crab-tree staff shall show.  
Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
Made then of trusty steel:  
But the tinker he laid on so fast,  
That he made Robin reel.  
Then Robin's anger did arise,  
He fought right manfully,

Until

Until he made the tinker,  
 Then almost fit to fly.  
 With that they laid about again,  
 And ply'd their weapons fast;  
 The tinker thrash'd his bones so fore,  
 He made him yield at last.  
 A boon a boon, then Robin Hood cry'd,  
 If thou wilt grant it me?  
 Before I'll do it, the tinker said,  
 I'll hang thee on this tree.  
 But the tinker looking him about,  
 Robin his horn did blow;  
 Then came unto him Little John,  
 And Will Scarlet also.  
 What is the matter, quoth Little John,  
 You sit on the highway side?  
 Here is a tinker, who stand's by,  
 That hath well paid my hide.  
 What tinker then, said Little John,  
 Fain that blade would I see?  
 And I would try what I could do,  
 If he'll do as much for me.  
 But Robin then he wish'd them both  
 They would the quarrel cease,  
 That henceforth we may be as one,  
 And ever live in peace.  
 And for the jovial tinker's part,  
 A hundred pounds I give  
 In a Year to maintain him on,  
 As long as he doth live.  
 In manhood he is a mettle man,  
 And a mettle man by trade,

Until

I never

I never thought that any man,  
 Could have made me so afraid.  
 And if he will be one of us,  
 We will take all one fate;  
 And whatsoever we do get,  
 He shall have his full share.  
 So the tinker he was content,  
 With them to go along;  
 And with them a part to take,  
 And so I end my Song.

9. *Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale; or, the Manner of Robin Hood's rescuing a Young Lady from an Old Knight, to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to Allen-a-Dale, her former Lover.*

*Tune of, Robin Hood in the Green Wood.*

COME listen to me you gallants so free,  
 All you that love mirth for to hear;  
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,  
 That lived in Nottinghamshire,  
 That lived in Nottinghamshire.  
 As Robin Hood in the Forest stood,  
 All under the Green Wood Tree,  
 There was he aware of a brave young man,  
 As fine as fine might be.  
 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,  
 In scarlet fine and gay;  
 And he did frisk it over the plain,  
 And chaunted a roundelay.  
 As Robin Hood next morning stood,  
 Among the leaves so gay,

There



There did he 'spy the same young man,  
Come drooping along the way.  
The scarlet he wore the day before,  
It was cast clean away?  
And every step he fetch'd a sigh,  
Alack and a well-a-day!  
Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Midge the Millers son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When he did see them come.  
Stand off, stand off, the young man said,  
What is your will with me?  
You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon Green Wood Tree.  
And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin asked him courteously,  
O hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me?  
I have no money, the young man said,  
But five shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept these seven long years,  
To have it at my Wedding.  
Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But from me she was ta'en,  
And chosen to be an old Knight's delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.  
What is thy name then said Robin Hood,  
Come tell me without fail,  
By the faith of my body then said the young man,  
My name it is Allen-a-Dale.  
What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,  
In ready Gold or fee,

To

To help thee to thy true love again,  
 And deliver her unto thee?  
 I have no money, then quoth the young man,  
 No ready Gold or fee;  
 But I will swear upon a book.  
 Thy true Servant for to be,  
 How many miles is it to thy true love,  
 Come tell me without any guile?  
 By the faith of my body then said the young man,  
 It is but five little miles.  
 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
 And he did neither stint nor lin,  
 Untill he came unto the Church,  
 Where Allen should have kept his wedding.  
 What dost thou here, the Bishop then said,  
 I prythee tell unto me?  
 I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,  
 And the best in the North country.  
 O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop then said,  
 That music best pleaseth me;  
 You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,  
 'Till the bride and bridegroom I see.  
 With that came in a wealthy Knight,  
 Who was both grave and old;  
 And after him a finikin las,  
 That did shine like glittering gold,  
 This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,  
 That you do seem to make here,  
 For since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall chuse her own dear.  
 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two or three;

Then

Then four and twenty bowmen bold,  
Came leaping over the lee,  
And when they came to the church-yard,  
Marching all on a row;  
The first man was Allen-a-Dale;  
To give bold Robin his bow.  
This is thy true love, Robin he said,  
Young Allen; as I have heard say,  
And thou shalt be married at the same time,  
Before we depart away.  
That shall not be, the bishop he said,  
For thy word shall not stand,  
They shall be three times ask'd in the church,  
As that is the law of our land.  
Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat;  
And put it on Little John;  
By the faith of my body then Robin he said,  
This cloth doth make thee a man.  
When Little John went to the chaise,  
The people began to laugh;  
He ask'd them seven times in the church,  
Lest three times should not be enough.  
Who gives this maid? said Little John,  
Quoth Robin Hood that do I;  
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,  
Full dearly shall her buy.  
And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
The bride she look'd like a queen,  
And so they return'd to the merry Green Wood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.



10. *Robin Hood and the Shepherd; shewing how  
Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought  
a sore Combat.*

**A**LL gentlemen and yeomen good,  
Down, a down, a down,

I with you to draw near;

For a story of bold Robin Hood,  
Unto you I will declare.

Down, a down a down, a down.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,  
Some pastime for to espy,

There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,  
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise said jolly Robin,

And now come and let me see,

What is in thy bag and thy bottle I say,  
Come tell it unto me.

What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,  
Tell me as I do stand,

What hast thou to do with my bottle and bag?  
Let me see thy command.

Come, let me taste of thy bottle,

Or it may breed thee woe;

The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,  
Of my bottle thou shalt see,

Until thy valour hath been try'd,

Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

What shall we fight for? said Robin Hood,  
Come tell it soon unto me,

Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,

Win it and take it with thee.

The shepherd he stood all in amaze,  
And knew not what to say;  
I have no money thou proud fellow,  
But bottle and bag I'll lay,  
I am content thou shepherd swain,  
Fling them down on the ground;  
But it will breed thee mickle pain,  
To win my twenty pound,  
Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,  
Thou standest too long to prate,  
This hook of mine shall let thee know,  
A coward I do hate,  
So they fell to it full hard and sore,  
It was on a summer's day,  
From ten 'till four in the afternoon,  
The shepherd held him in play,  
Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,  
And saved him many a bang,  
For every blow the shepherd struck,  
Made Robin's sword ery twang,  
Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave,  
And that bold Robin found,  
Till the blood ran trickling from his head;  
Then he fell to the ground.  
Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,  
And thou shalt have fair play,  
If thou wilt yield before thou go,  
That I have won the day.  
A boon, a boon, said bold Robin,  
If that a man thou be,  
Then let me take my bugle horn,  
And blow out blasts three,

Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,  
To that I will agree;  
For if thou should'st blow 'till to-morrow morn,  
I scorn one foot to flee.  
Then Robin he let his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew with might and main,  
Until he 'spied Little John,  
Come tripping over the plain.  
Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,  
That comes down yonder hill?  
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,  
Shall fight with thee thy fill.  
What is the matter, said Little John,  
Master, come tell unto me;  
My case is bad, said Robin Hood,  
For the shepherd hath conquer'd me.  
I am glad of that, cries Little John,  
Shepherd turn thou to me;  
For a bout with thee I mean to have,  
Either come fight or flee.  
With all my heart, thou proud fellow,  
For it shall never be said,  
That a shepherd's hook, at thy sturdy look,  
Will one jot be dismay'd.  
So they fell to it full hard and sore,  
Striving for victory,  
I'll know, says John, e're we give o'er,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.  
The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,  
With his hook upon his chin,  
Beskrew thy heart, said Little John,  
Thou basely dost begin.



Nay that is nothing, said the shepherd,  
 Either yield to me the day,  
 Or I will bang thy back and sides,  
 Before thou goest thy way.  
 What dost thou think, thou proud fellow,  
 That thou can'st conquer me?  
 Nay thou shalt know before thou go,  
 I'll fight before I'll flee.  
 Again the shepherd laid on him,  
 The shepherd he begun;  
 Hold thy hand, quoth jolly Robin,  
 I will yield the wager won.  
 With all my heart, said Little John,  
 To that I will agree;  
 For he is the flower of shepherd swains,  
 The like I ne'er did see.  
 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,  
 Also of Little John:  
 How a shepherd swain did conquer them,  
 The like was never known.

11 *The famous Battle between Robin Hood and the  
 Curtal Friar, near Fountain Dale.*

*(To a Northern Tune.)*

**I**N the summer time when leaves grow green,  
 And flowers are fresh and gay,  
 Robin Hood and his merry men,  
 Were all disposed to play,  
 Then some would leap, and some would run,  
 And would use artillery,

Which

Which of you can a good bow draw,  
 A good archer to be?  
 Which of you can kill a buck,  
 Or who can kill a doe;  
 Or who can kill an hart of Greece,  
 Five hundred foot him fro.  
 Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,  
 And Midge he kill'd a doe;  
 And Little John kill'd an hart of Greece,  
 Five hundred foot him fro.  
 God's blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,  
 That shot such a shot for me;  
 I would ride my horse a hundred mile,  
 To find one to match thee.  
 That caused Will Scarlet to laugh,  
 He laugh'd full heartily,  
 There lives a friar in Fountain Abbey  
 Will beat both him and thee,  
 The cur in Fountain Abbey,  
 Well can draw a good strong bow,  
 He will beat you and your yeomen,  
 Set them all on a row.  
 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,  
 It was by Mary free,  
 That he would neither eat nor drink,  
 'Till the fryar he did see.  
 Robin Hood put on his harness good,  
 And on his head a cap of steel,  
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
 And they became him well.  
 He took his bow into his hand,  
 It was of a trusty tree,  
 With

With a sheaf of arrows by his side,  
 And to Fountain Dale went he.  
 And coming to fair Fountain Dale,  
 No farther would he ride,  
 There was he ware of a curtal fryar,  
 Walking by the water side.  
 The fryar had a harness good,  
 And on his head a cap of steel,  
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
 And they became him well.  
 Robin Hood lighted from off his horse,  
 And tied him to a thorn,  
 Carry me over the water thou curtal fryar,  
 Or thy life shall be forlorn.  
 The fryar took Robin Hood on his back,  
 Deep water he did bestride,  
 And spake neither good word nor bad,  
 'Till he came to the other side.  
 Lightly leapped Robin off the fryar's back,  
 The fryar laid to him again,  
 Carry me over the water, fine fellow,  
 Or it shall breed thee pain.  
 Robin Hood took the fryar on his back,  
 Deep water he did bestride,  
 And spoke neither good word nor bad,  
 'Till he came to the other side.  
 Lightly leaped the fryar off Robin Hood's back,  
 Robin Hood laid to him again,  
 Carry me over the water, thou curtal fryar,  
 Or it shall breed thee pain.  
 The fryar he took Robin Hood on his back again,  
 And stept up to his knee,

Till



'Till he came to the middle of the stream,  
Neither good nor bad spake he.  
And coming to the middle of the stream,  
There he threw Robin in,  
And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,  
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.  
Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,  
The fryar to the willow wand,  
Bold Robin Hood he got to the shore,  
And took his bow in his hand.  
One of the best arrows under his belt  
To the Fryar he let fly :  
The curtal fryar with his steel buckler  
Did put his arrow by.  
Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,  
Shoot as thou hast begun ?  
If thou shoot here a summer's day,  
Thy mark I will not shun.  
Robin Hood shot so passing well,  
'Till his arrows all were gone ;  
They took their swords and steel bucklers ;  
They fought with might and main  
From ten o'clock that very day,  
'Till four in the afternoon :  
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,  
Of the fryar to beg a boon.  
A boon, a boon, thou curtal fryar,  
I beg it on my knee ;  
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,  
And to blow blasts three.  
That I will do, said the curtal fryar,  
Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;

I hope

hope thou wilt blow so passing well,  
'Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,

And he blew out blasts three;

Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,

Came ranging over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the fryar,

That come so hastily?

These are mine, said Robin Hood,

Fryar, what's that to thee?

A boon, a boon, said the curtal fryar,

The like I gave to thee;

Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,

And whute whutes three.

That I will do, said Robin Hood,

Or else I were to blame;

Three whutes in a fryar's fist

Would make me glad and fain.

The fryar he set his fist to his mouth,

And he whuted him whutes three;

Half a hundred good bay dogs

Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,

And I myself for thee:

Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,

Fryar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,

The one behind, and the other before;

Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln Green

Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,

Or they shot north or south,

The

I hope

The curtal dogs, so taught they were,  
They caught their arrows in their mouth.  
Take off thy dogs, said Little John,  
Fryar, at my bidding thee :  
Whole man art thou, said the curtal fryar,  
That comes here to prate to me ?  
I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,  
Fryar, I will not lie ;  
If thou take not up thy dogs anon,  
I'll take them up and thee.  
Little John had a bow in his hand,  
He shot with might and main ;  
Soon half a score of the fryar's dogs  
Lay dead upon the plain.  
Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal fryar,  
Thy master and I will agree ;  
And we will have new orders taken,  
With all haste that may be.  
If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,  
And Fountain Abbey free,  
Every Sunday throughout the year  
A noble shall be thy fee.  
Every Sunday throughout the year  
Chang'd shall thy garment be,  
If thou wilt to fair Nottingham go,  
And there remain with me.  
The curtal fryar had kept Fountain Dale  
Seven long years and more,  
There was neither knight, lord, or earl,  
Could make him yield before.



12. *Robin Hood newly revived; or, His meeting and fighting his cousin Scarlet.**(To a new tune.)*

**C**OME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 That are this bower within;  
 For a story of gallant Robin Hood  
 I purpose now to begin.  
 What time of the day? quoth Robin Hood;  
 Quoth Little John, 'Tis in the prime;  
 Why then we will to the Green Wood gang,  
 For we have no victuals to dine.  
 As Robin Hood walk'd the forest along,  
 It was in the midst of the day,  
 There was he aware of a dext young man,  
 As ever walk'd on the way.  
 His doublet was of silk, 'tis said,  
 His stockings like scarlet shone;  
 And bravely he walked on the way,  
 To Robin Hood, then unknown.  
 A herd of deer was in the bend,  
 All feeding before his face;  
 Now the best of you I'll have to my dinner,  
 And that in a little space.  
 Now the stranger he had no mickle ado,  
 But he bent a right good bow;  
 And the best of all the herd he slew,  
 Full forty yards him fro.  
 Well shot, well shot, said Robin Hood then,  
 That shot was shot in time;

G.

And

And if thou wilt accept of the place,  
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine,  
Go play the chiven, the stranger then said,  
Make haste, and quickly go;  
Or with my fist, be lure of this,  
I'll give thee buffets sore.  
Thou hadst not best buffet me, quoth Robin Hood  
For altho' I am forlorn,  
Yet I have some will take my part,  
If I do but blow my horn.  
Thou hadst not best wind thy horn, the stranger said  
Be thou never so much in haste!  
For I can draw a good broad sword,  
And quickly cut the blast.  
Then the stranger bent a very good bow,  
To shoot at bold Robin again.  
O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin  
To shoot it would be in vain;  
For if we shoot the one at the other,  
The one of us must be slain,  
But let's take our swords and our broad bucklers,  
And gang under yonder tree;  
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,  
One foot I will not flee.  
Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow  
'Most scared him out of his wits;  
Thoul't feel a blow, the stranger he said,  
That shall be better quits.  
The stranger then with a good broad sword  
Hit Robin Hood on the crown,  
That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head  
The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,

And for this thou hast done :

Tell me, good fellow, what thou art ?

Tell me where thou dost won ?

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,

I'll tell thee where I do dwell ;

In Maxfield town I was born and bred,

My name is young Gamewell.

For killing of my father's steward,

Am forced to this English wood,

And for to seek an uncle of mine,

Some call him Robin Hood,

But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood's ?

The sooner we should have done :

As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,

I am his own sister's son.

But, Lord, what kissing and courting was there,

When these two cousins did meet ;

And they went all that summer's day,

And Little John did not meet.

But when they met with Little John

He unto him did say,

O master, pray where have you been,

You have tarri'd so long away ?

I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood then,

Full sore has he beaten me ;

Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,

And try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,

Little John it must not be so ;

For he is my own sister's son,

And cousins I have no more ;

But



But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,  
 My chief man next to thee;  
 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,  
 And Scarlet he shall be;  
 And we'll be three of the bravest outlaws  
 That are in the North Country.  
 If thou'lt hear any more of bold Robin Hood,  
 In the second part it will be.  
 Then bold Robin Hood to the North he would go  
 With valour and mickle might;  
 With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd  
 To fight, and recover his right.  
 The first he met was bonny bold Scot,  
 His servant he said he would be;  
 No, quoth bold Robin Hood, it cannot be good,  
 For thou wilt prove false unto me.  
 'Thou hast not been true to fire nor cuz;  
 Nay, marry, the Scot he said,  
 As true as your heart, I'll never part,  
 Good master be not afraid,  
 Then Robin Hood turn'd his face to the east,  
 Fight on my merry-men stout;  
 Our cause is good, said brave Robin Hood,  
 And we shall not be beat out.  
 The battle grew hot on every side,  
 The Scotchman made great moan;  
 Quoth Jockey, gend faith, they fight on each side,  
 Would I were with my wife Joan,  
 The enemy compass'd brave Robin about,  
 'Tis long e'er the battle ends;  
 There's neither will yield, nor give up the field.  
 So both are supplied with friends.

This

his song it was made in Robin Hood's days,  
 Let's pray unto Jove above,  
 To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,  
 And war may give place unto love.

—\*—

*3. Renowned Robin Hood; or, His famous Archery truly related, in the worthy Exploits he performed before Queen Catharine.*

**G**OLD taken from the king's harbinger's,  
 Down, a down, a down,

As seldom has been seen, Down, &c.

And carried by bold Robin,

For a present to the queen. Down, &c.

That I live one year to an end,

Thus did Queen Catharine say,

Old Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,

And all thy yeoman gay.

The queen is to her chamber gone,

As fast as she could wend;

He calls unto her lovely page,

His name was Richard Parlington.

Come hither to me, thou lovely page,

Come thou hither unto me;

For thou must post unto Nottingham,

As fast as thou canst dree.

And as thou goest to Nottingham,

Search all those English woods;

Inquire of one good yeoman or another,

That can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,  
As fast as he could wen,  
And when he came to Nottingham.  
He there took up his inn.  
He called for a bottle of Rhenish wine.  
And drank a health to the queen,  
Wishing he might now speedily  
Find out jolly Robin.  
There sat a yeoman by his side,  
Who said, Sweet page, tell me,  
What is thy businels or thy cause,  
So far in the North country?  
This is my businels and my cause,  
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,  
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,  
To tell me of Robin Hood.  
I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,  
Be it by break of day;  
And I will shew thee Robin Hood,  
And all his yeoman gay.  
When that he came Robin Hood before.  
He fell down on his knee;  
Queen Catharine she does greet you well,  
She greets you well by me.  
She bids you post to fair London town,  
Not fearing any thing;  
For there shall be a little sport,  
And she hath sent you a ring.  
Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,  
It was of Lincoln green,  
And sent it by the lovely page,  
For a present to the queen.



In summer time, when leaves grow green,

It was a seemly fight to see

How Robin Hood had dress'd himself,

And all his yeomendree.

He cloth'd his men in Lincoln green,

And himself in Scarlet red,

Black hats, white feathers, all alike,

Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

And when he came to London court,

He fell down on his knee:

Thou art welcome, Robin, said the queen.

And all thy yeomendree.

Come hither, Topus, said the king,

Bow-bearer after me;

Come measure me out with this line

How long our mark must be.

What is the wager? said the queen,

That I must now hear;

Three hundred ton of Rhenish wine,

Three hundred ton of beer;

Three hundred of the fattest harts

That run on Dallum lee:

That's a princely wager, said the queen,

That I must needs tell thee.

With that bespoke one Clifton then,

Full quickly and full soon,

Measure no mark for us, sov'reign liege,

We'll shoot at sun and moon.

Full fifteen score your mark shall be,

Full fifteen score shall stand;

Full lay my bow, said Clifton then,

I'll cleave the willow wand.

H

With

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,  
As fast as he could wen,  
And when he came to Nottingham.  
He there took up his inn.  
He called for a bottle of Rhenish wine.  
And drank a health to the queen,  
Wishing he might now speedily  
Find out jolly Robin.  
There sat a yeoman by his side,  
Who said, Sweet page, tell me,  
What is thy businels or thy cause,  
So far in the North country?  
This is my businels and my cause,  
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,  
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,  
To tell me of Robin Hood.  
I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,  
Be it by break of day;  
And I will shew thee Robin Hood,  
And all his yeoman gay.  
When that he came Robin Hood before.  
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And sent it by the lovely page,  
For a present to the queen.

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It was a seemly fight to see  
How Robin Hood had dress'd himself,  
And all his yeomendree.  
He cloth'd his men in Lincoln green,  
And himself in Scarlet red,  
Black hats, white feathers, all alike,  
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.  
And when he came to London court,  
He fell down on his knee :  
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And all thy yeomendree.  
Come hither, Topus, said the king,  
Bow-bearer after me ;  
Come measure me out with this line  
How long our mark must be.  
What is the wager ? said the queen,  
That I must now hear ;  
Three hundred ton of Rhenish wine,  
Three hundred ton of beer ;  
Three hundred of the fattest harts  
That run on Dallum lee ;  
That's a princely wager, said the queen,  
That I must needs tell thee.  
With that bespoke one Clifton then,  
Full quickly and full soon,  
Measure no mark for us, sov'reign liege,  
We'll shoot at sun and moon.  
Full fifteen score your mark shall be,  
Full fifteen score shall stand ;  
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,  
I'll cleave the willow wand.

H

With



With that the king's archers led about  
'Till it was three to none;  
With that the ladies began to shout,  
Madam your game is gone.  
A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cries,  
I crave it on my knee;  
Is there ever a knight of your privy-council  
On queen Catharine's side will be?  
Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
For I do know thy pedigree,  
Thou sprang'st from Gower's blood.  
Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire  
For a noble priest was he:  
By my silver mitre, said the bishop,  
I'll not bet one penny.  
The king has archers of his own,  
Full ready and full right;  
And these be strangers every one,  
No man knows what they hight.  
What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,  
Thou seest our game the worse:  
By my silver mitre, said the bishop,  
All the money within my purse.  
What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,  
Throw it on the ground;  
Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,  
It's near to fifty pound.  
Robin Hood took his bag from his side,  
And threw it on the green,  
Will Scarlet then went smiling away,  
I know who this money must win.

With

With that the king's archers laid about,  
While it was three to three ;  
With that the ladies gave a shout,  
Woodcock beware thy knee.  
It is three to three now, said the king,  
The next three pay for all ;  
Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,  
The king's part shall be but small.  
Then Robin Hood did lead about,  
He shot it under hand,  
And Clifton with a bearing arrow,  
He clove the willow wand.  
And Little Midge, the miller's son,  
He shot not much the worse ;  
He shot within a finger of the prick ;  
Now, bishop, beware of your purle.  
A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cries,  
I crave it on my knee ;  
That you will angry be with none  
That is of my party,  
They shall have forty days to come,  
And forty days to go ;  
And three times forty to sport and play,  
Then welcome friend or foe.  
Welcome art thou, Robin Hood, said the queen,  
And so is Little John,  
And so is Midge, the miller's son,  
Thrice welcome every one.  
Is this Robin Hood? the king then said,  
For it was told to me  
That he was slain in the palace gate,  
So far in the North-country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,  
 As it seems well to be:  
 Had I known it to have been that bold outlaw,  
 I would not have bet one penny.  
 He took me late one Sunday night,  
 And bound me fast to a tree:  
 And made me sing a mass, God wor,  
 To him and his yeomandree.  
 What, and if I did, says Robin Hood,  
 Of that mass I was full fain;  
 For recompence of that, says he,  
 Here's half thy gold again.  
 Now nay, now nay, says Little John,  
 Master, that may not be;  
 We must give gifts to the king's officers;  
 That gold will serve thee and me.

—\*—

14. *Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.*

**W**HEN as the sheriff of Nottingham  
 Was come with mickle grief;  
 He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,  
 That strong and sturdy thief.      Fal, lal, &c  
 So unto London road he pass'd,  
 His losses to unfold  
 To king Richard, who did regard  
 The tale that he had told.  
 Why, quoth the king, what shall I do,  
 Art thou not sheriff for me?  
 The law is in force, go take thy course  
 Of them that injure thee.



Go, get thee gone, and by thyself  
Devise some tricking game  
For to enthral these rebels all,  
Go, take thy course with them.  
So way the sheriff he return'd,  
And by the way he thought  
On the words of the king, and how the thing  
To pass might well be brought.  
For within his mind he imagined  
That when such matches were,  
These outlaws stout, without all doubt,  
Would be the bowmen there.  
So an arrow with a golden head,  
And shaft of Silver white,  
Who won the day should bear away,  
For his own proper right.  
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,  
Under the Green-wood-tree;  
Come, prepare you then, my merry men,  
We'll go this sport to see.  
With that stepp'd forth a brave young man,  
David of Doncaster;  
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,  
From the Green-wood we'll not stir.  
To tell thee truth, I'm well inform'd  
This match is but for a wile;  
The sheriff, I wist, devises this,  
Us archers to beguile.  
Thou smel'st of a coward, said Robin Hood,  
Thy words do not please me;  
Come on't what will, I'll try your skill,  
At your brave archery.

O then

O then bespoke brave Little John,  
Come let us thither gang:  
Come listen to me, how it shall be,  
That we need not be ken'd.  
Our mantles all of Lincoln green,  
Behind us we will leave;  
We'll dress us all of several,  
They shall not us perceive.  
One shall wear white, another red,  
One yellow, and another blue:  
Thus in disguise, to the exercise  
We'll gang, whatever ensue.  
Forth from the Green-wood they are gone  
With hearts all firm and stout,  
Resolving with the sheriff's men  
To have a merry bout.  
So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
To prevent all suspicion;  
For if they should together hold,  
They thought it no discretion.  
So the sheriff look'd round about  
Among eight hundred men.  
But could not see the sight that he  
Had long expected then.  
Some said, If Robin Hood was here,  
And all his men to boot,  
Sure none of them could pass these men,  
So bravely they do shoot.  
Aye, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head  
I thought he would have been here,  
I thought he would, but, though he's bold,  
He durst not now appear.

O th

that word griev'd Robin to the heart,  
He vexed in his blood ;  
So long, thou very well shalt see  
That here was Robin Hood.  
Some cry'd blue jacket, another cry'd brown,  
And the third cry'd, Brave yellow,  
But the fourth man said, Yon man in red,  
In this place has no fellow.  
For that was Robin Hood himself,  
For he was cloathed in red,  
At every shot, the prize he got,  
For he was both sure and dead.  
On an arrow with a golden head,  
And shaft of silver white,  
Old Robin Hood won, and bore with him,  
As his own proper right.  
These outlaws there, that very day,  
To shun all kinds of doubt.  
By three or four, no less, nor more,  
As they went in came out.  
Until they all assembled were  
Under the Green-wood shade ;  
Where they relate, in pleasant sport,  
What brave pastime they made.  
Says Robin Hood, Now all my care is,  
How that the sheriff may  
Know now certainly, that it was I  
That bore his arrow away,  
Says Little John, my countel good  
Did take effect before :  
So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
I will advise once more.

Speak



Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,  
 Thy wit's both quick and found;  
 I know no man among us can  
 For wit like thee be found.  
 This I advise, then said little John,  
 That a letter it shall be penn'd;  
 And, when it is done, to Nottingham  
 You it to the sheriff shall send.  
 That's well advis'd, said Robin Hood,  
 But how must it be sent?  
 Pugh! when you please, 'tis done with ease,  
 Master, be you content.  
 I'll stick it on my arrow's head,  
 And shoot it into the town;  
 The mark shall shew, where it must go,  
 Whenever it lights down.  
 This project it was soon perform'd:  
 The sheriff the letter had,  
 Which, when he read, he scratch'd his head,  
 And sav'd like one that's mad.  
 So we'll leave him chaffing in his grease,  
 Which will do him no good;  
 Now my friends attend, and hear the end  
 Of honest bold Robin Hood.

15. *Robin Hood's Chase; or, a merry Progress be-  
 tween Robin Hood and King Henry.*

*Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.*

COME you gallants all, to you I call.  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 That now are in this place;

For

For a song I will sing of Henry our king,  
How bold Robin Hood he did chase;  
Queen Catharine she then a match did make,  
As plainly doth appear;

For three hundred ton of good red wine,  
And three hundred ton of beer.

But she had her archers to seek,  
With their bows and arrows so good,  
But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,  
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,  
Queen Catharine she did say,

Thou art welcome Lockley unto me,  
And thou on my part must play.

If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,  
And all my yeomen gay,

For a match of shooting I have made,  
Then hanged will I be.

But when the game was to be play'd.

Bold Robin won it with grace;

But after the king was angry with him,

And vow'd he would him chase.

What tho' his pardon granted was,

While he with them did stay,

But yet the king was vex'd at him,

When he was gone away.

Soon after the king from court did lie,

In a furious angry mood,

And oft enquir'd both far and near

After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,

Bold Robin was in the Wood;

O come, said he, and let me see  
Who can find bold Robin Hood.  
But when Robin Hood he did hear  
The king had him in chase,  
Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,  
And that to another place.  
Then away they went, from merry Sherwood,  
And into Yorkshire they did hie;  
But the king did follow, with a hoop and hollow,  
But could not come him nigh.  
Yet jolly Robin he passed along,  
And went to Newcastle town,  
And there staid hours two or three,  
And then he for Berwick was bound.  
When the king he did see, how Robin did flee,  
He was vexed wonderous sore;  
With a hoop and hollow, he vow'd to follow,  
And take him, or ne'er give o'er.  
Come now, let's away, said Little John,  
Let any man follow that dare;  
To Carlisle we'll hie with our company,  
And so then to Lancaster.  
From Lancaster then to Chester they went,  
And so then did King Henry;  
But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,  
For fear of some treachery,  
Says Robin, let us for fair London go,  
To see our noble queen's face;  
It may be she wants our company,  
Which makes the king so us to chase.  
When Robin he came queen Catharine before,  
He fell upon his knee;



If it please your grace, I am come to this place  
 To speak with king Henry.  
 Queen Catharine she answered bold Robin again,  
 The king is gone to merry Sherwood,  
 And when he went away, to me he did say,  
 He would go and fetch Robin Hood.  
 Then fare you well, my gracious queen,  
 For to Sherwood I will hie apace;  
 For fain would I see what he would have with me,  
 If I could but meet with his grace.  
 But when that king Henry he came home,  
 Full weary and vex'd in mind;  
 And when he did hear that Robin had been there,  
 He blam'd Dame Fortune unkind.  
 You're welcome home, queen Catharine cry'd,  
 Henry, my lov'reign-liege;  
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,  
 Your person has been to seek.  
 A boon, a'boon, queen Catherine cri'd,  
 I beg it of your grace,  
 To pardon his life, and seek not strife;  
 And so ends Robin Hood's chase.

—\*—

15. *Robin Hood's Golden Prize; shewing how he robbed  
 two Priests of 500l.*

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood, [derry &c.  
 And of brave Little John;  
 Of Fryar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,  
 Lockley, and Maid-marrion,  
 Hey down, derry down.

If

12

But

But such a tale as this before  
I think was never known ;  
For Robin Hood disguised himself,  
And from the wood is gone.  
Like to a fryar bold Robin Hood  
Was accoutred in array ;  
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,  
He pass'd upon the way.  
He had not gone past miles two or three,  
But it was his chance to espy  
Two lusty priests all in black,  
Come riding gallantly.  
Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,  
Some pity on me take ;  
Cross you my hand with a single groat,  
For our dear Lady's sake.  
For I have been wand'ring all this day,  
And nothing could I get ;  
Not so much as one cup of good drink,  
Or bit of bread to eat.  
By our holy Dame, the priests reply'd,  
We never a penny have ;  
For we this morning have been robb'd,  
And could no money save.  
I am much afraid said bold Robin Hood,  
That you both do tell a lie ;  
And now before you do go hence  
I am resolv'd to try.  
When as the priests heard him say so,  
They rode away again ;  
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,  
And soon overtook them again.

The

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,  
And pulled them down from their horse,  
O spare us friar, the priests cry'd out,  
On us have some remorse.  
You said you'd no money quoth Robin Hood,  
Wherefore without delay  
We three will fall upon our knees,  
And for money we will pray.  
The priests they could not gainsay,  
But down they kneel'd with speed;  
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,  
Some money to serve our need.  
The priests did pray with mournful cheer,  
Sometimes their hands did wring;  
Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,  
While Robin did merrily sing.  
When they had been praying an hour's space,  
The priests did still lament;  
Then quoth bold Robin, now let's see  
What money heaven hath us sent.  
We will be sharers all alike,  
Of money that we have;  
And there is never a one of us  
That his fellow shall deceive.  
The priests their hands into their pockets put,  
But money could find none;  
We'll search ourselves, said Robin Hood  
Each other one by one.  
Then Robin Hood took pains to search them,  
And he found good store of gold;  
Five hundred pieces presently  
Upon the ground he told.



Here is a brave shew said bold Robin,  
 Such store of gold to see;  
 And you shall each one have a part,  
 Because you pray'd so heartily.  
 He gave them fifty pounds a piece,  
 And the rest for himself did keep;  
 The priests they durst not speak a word,  
 But sigh'd wond'rous deep.  
 With that the priests rose up from their knees,  
 Thinking to have parted so:  
 Nay, stay, says Robin Hood, one thing more  
 I have to say ere you go.  
 You shall be sworn, says Robin Hood,  
 Upon this holy grail,  
 That you will never tell lies again,  
 Which way soever you pass.  
 The second oath that you here must take,  
 That all the days of your lives  
 You never shall tempt maids to sin,  
 Nor lie with other men's wives.  
 The last oath you shall take, is this,  
 Be charitable to the poor;  
 Say you have met with a holy fryar,  
 And I desire no more.  
 He set them on their horses,  
 And away then they did ride:  
 And he returned to the merry Green Wood,  
 With great joy, mirth and pride.

47. Robin Hood rescuing Will Stuteley from the Sheriff  
 and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and were  
 going to hang him.

Turn

Tune of—*Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.*

WHEN Robin Hood in the Green Wood Hood,  
 Derry, derry down,  
 Under the Green Wood Tree;  
 Tidings there came to him with speed,  
 Tidings for certainty.  
 That Will Stuteley surprised was,  
 And he in Prison lay;  
 Three varlets that the king had hir'd  
 Did basely him betray.  
 Ye, and to-morrow hanged must be,  
 To-morrow as it is day!  
 Before they could the victory get,  
 Two of them did Stuteley slay.  
 When Robin did hear the same,  
 O it did grieve him sore;  
 And to his merry men he said,  
 Who all together swore;  
 That Will Stuteley should rescued be,  
 And be brought back again;  
 He kille many a gallant knight  
 For his sake there be slain.  
 He cloath'd himself in scarlet then,  
 His men were all in green;  
 Finer shew throughout the world  
 In no place could be seen.  
 Good lord, it was a gallant fight,  
 To see them all on a row:  
 With every man a good broad sword,  
 And eke a good yew bow.  
 Worth from the Green Wood they are gone,  
 Yea all courageously,

Resolving

Resolving to bring Stuteley home,  
 Or every man to die.  
 And when they come to the castle near,  
 Wherein Will Stuteley lay,  
 I hold it good, said Robin Hood,  
 We here in ambush stay,  
 And send one forth some news to hear,  
 To yonder palmer fair,  
 That stands under the castle wall,  
 Some news he may declare.  
 With that steps forth a brave young man,  
 That was of courage bold;  
 Thus did he say to the old man,  
 I pray thee Palmer old.  
 Tell me if thou rightly ken,  
 When must Will Stuteley die?  
 Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men,  
 And here doth in prison lie.  
 Alas! alas! the Palmer said,  
 And for ever woe is me;  
 Will Stuteley hanged will be this day,  
 On yonder gallows tree.  
 O had his noble master known,  
 He would some succour send:  
 A few of his bold yeomendree,  
 Would soon fetch him from hence.  
 Aye, that's true, the old man said,  
 Aye, that's true said he,  
 Or if they were near to this place,  
 They soon would let him free.  
 But fare thee well thou good old man,  
 Fare well and thanks unto thee;

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If Stuteley hanged be this day,  
Reveng'd his death shall be.  
No sooner was he from the palmer gone  
But the gates were opened wide,  
And out of the Castle Will Stuteley came,  
Guarded on every side,  
When he was forth from the Castle come,  
And saw no help was nigh;  
Thus he unto the sheriff said,  
Thus did he say gallantly.  
Now seeing that I needs must die,  
Grant me one boon, said he,  
For my noble master never had a man  
That yet was hanged on a tree.  
Give me a sword all in my hand,  
And let me be unbound,  
And with thee and thy men I'll fight,  
Till I lie dead on the ground.  
But this desire he would not grant,  
His wishes were in vain;  
For the sheriff swore he hanged should be,  
And not by sword be slain.  
Do but unbind my hands, he says,  
I will no weapon crave;  
And if I hanged be this day,  
Damnation let me have.  
O no, no, no, the sheriff said,  
Thou shalt on the gallows die;  
Aye, and so shalt thy master too,  
If ever in me it lie.  
O bastard coward, Stuteley cries,  
Faint-hearted peasant slave!

If ever my master does thee meet,  
 Thou shalt thy payment have.  
 My noble master does thee scorn,  
 And all thy cowardly crew;  
 Such filly imps unable are  
 Bold Robin to subdue.  
 But when he was to the gallows gone,  
 And ready to bid adieu,  
 Out of the bush steps Little John,  
 And comes Will Suteley to.  
 I pray thee Will, before thou die,  
 Of all thy dear friends take leave;  
 I needs must borrow him for a while;  
 How say you? master sheriff.  
 Now as I live, the sheriff said,  
 That varlet well I know;  
 Some sturdy rebel is that same,  
 Therefore let him not go.  
 Then Little John most hastily  
 Away cut Stuteley's bands,  
 And from one of the sheriff's men,  
 A sword twitch'd from his hands.  
 Here William Stuteley, take thou this same,  
 Thou canst it better sway;  
 And here defend thyself awhile,  
 For aid will come straight way.  
 And there they turn'd them back to back  
 In the midst of them that day;  
 Till Robin Hood approach'd near,  
 With many an archer gay,  
 With that an arrow from them flew;  
 A wist from Robin Hood;

Make haste, make haste, the sheriff said,  
 Make haste, for it is good,  
 The Sheriff is gone, and his doughty men  
 Thought it no boot to stay;  
 But as their master had them taught,  
 They ran full fast away.  
 O Stay, O Stay, Will Stuteley said,  
 Take leave, be not so fleet;  
 You never will catch bold Robin Hood,  
 Unless you dare him meet.  
 O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,  
 That you so soon are gone;  
 My sword may in the scabbord rest,  
 For here our work is done.  
 A little thought Will Stuteley said,  
 When I came to this place  
 For to have met with Little John,  
 Or seen my Master's face.  
 Thus Stuteley was at liberty set,  
 And brought safe from his foe:  
 O thanks, O thanks to my master,  
 Since here it was not so.  
 And once again my fellows all,  
 We shall in the Green Wood meet,  
 Where we will make our bow strings twang,  
 Music for us most sweet.

—\*—

18. *The Noble Fisherman: or Robin Hood's  
 Preferment.*

*Tune of, In Summer Time.*

Make **I**N summer time when leaves grow green,  
 When they grow both green and long:



Of a bold out-law, called Robin Hood,  
 It is of him I sing this song.  
 When the lilly leaf and cowslip sweet,  
 Both bud and spring with merry cheer,  
 This outlaw was weary of the wood side,  
 And chafing of the king's deer.  
 The fishermen brave more money have,  
 Than any merchants two or three,  
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,  
 That a fisherman I may be.  
 This outlaw called his merry men all,  
 As they sat under the Greenwood tree;  
 If any of you have gold to spend,  
 I pray you heartily spend it with me.  
 Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,  
 It seems to be a very fine day,  
 He took up his inn at a widows house,  
 Hard by the waters grey.  
 Who ask'd him, where wert thou born?  
 O tell me where thou dost fare;  
 I am a poor fisherman said he then,  
 This day entrapped all in care.  
 What is thy name? thy fine fellow,  
 I pray thee heartily tell to me:  
 In mine own country whete I was born,  
 Men call me Simon Over-the-Lee.  
 Simon, Simon, said the good wife,  
 I wish thou mayst well brook thy name;  
 The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,  
 And rejoic'd he'd got such a good dame.  
 Simon wilt thou be my man?  
 And good round wages I'll give thee:

I have

have as good a ship of my own  
As any that sails upon the sea.  
Anchor and planks thou shalt want none,  
Masts and ropes that are so long :  
And if that thou so furnish me,  
Said Simon nothing shall go wrong.  
They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,  
More of a day than two or three ;  
When others cast in their baited Hooks,  
The bare lines into the sea cast he.  
It will be long said the master then,  
E're this lubber do thrive on the sea ;  
He shall have no share in our fish,  
For in truth he is no part worthy.  
O woe is me, said Simon then,  
This day that ever I came here :  
I wish I were in Plumton Park,  
Chasing of the fallow deer ;  
For every clown laughs me to scorn,  
And by me lets nothing at all ;  
If I had them in Plumton Park,  
I would set as little by them all.  
They plucked up anchor and away did sail,  
More of a day than two or three ;  
But Simon espy'd a ship of war,  
That sail'd towards them vigorously.  
O woe is me said the master then.  
This day that I was ever born ;  
For all the fish that we have got  
Is every bit lost and forlorn.  
For these French robbers on the sea,  
They will not spare of us one man ;

I have

But

But carry us to the coast of France,  
 And lay us in strong prison.  
 But Simon said, do not fear them,  
 Neither master take you care;  
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.  
 Hold thy pace, thou long lubber,  
 For thou art naught but brags and boasts;  
 If I should cast you overboard,  
 There is but a simple lubber lost.  
 Simon grew angry at the words,  
 And so angry then was he;  
 Then he took his bent bow in his hand,  
 And in the ship hatch goeth he.  
 Master tie me to the mast he said,  
 That at the mark I may stand fair,  
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.  
 He drew his arrow to the head,  
 And he drew it with might and main,  
 And straight in the twinkling of an eye  
 To the Frenchmans heart the arrow gain'd.  
 The Frenchman fell down to the ship hatch,  
 And under the hatches down below;  
 Another Frenchman that him espy'd,  
 The dead corpse into the sea did throw.  
 O master loose me from the mast he said,  
 And for them all take you no care:  
 For give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.  
 Then straight they boarded the French ship,  
 They lying dead in their fight;

They



They found within the ship of war  
 Twelve thousand pounds in money bright.  
 The one half of the ship said Simon then,  
 I'll give to my dame, and children small ;  
 The other half of the ship I'll give  
 To you that are my fellows all.  
 But now bespoke the master then,  
 For so Simon it shall not be :  
 For you have won it with your own hands,  
 And the owner of it you must be.  
 It shall be so as you have said,  
 And with this gold for the opprest  
 An habitation I will build,  
 Where they may live in peace and rest.

—\*—

19. *Robin Hood's Delight :— or, a new Combat fought  
 between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will Scarlet,  
 with three stout keepers in Sherwood Forest.*

Tune of—*Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.*

**T**Here's some will talk of lords and knights,  
 And some of yeomen good ; [down, &c..  
 But I'll tell you of Will Scarlet,  
 Little John and Robin Hood.  
 They were three outlaws 'tis well known,  
 And men of noble blood ;  
 And many a time their valour was shewn  
 In the forest of merry Sherwood.  
 Upon a time it chanced so,  
 As Robin would have it to be ;

They

They

They all three would a walking go,  
 Some pastime for to see;  
 And as they walk'd the forest along,  
 Upon a midsummer day,  
 There were they aware of the three foresters,  
 Clad all in green array.  
 With brave long falchions by their sides,  
 And forest bills in their hand;  
 They cry'd aloud to these outlaws,  
 And charged them to stand,  
 Why, who are you said bold Robin,  
 That speak so boldly here?  
 We three belong to king Henry,  
 And are keepers of his deer.  
 The devil you are, said bold Robin Hood,  
 I am sure it is not so,  
 We be the keepers of this forest,  
 And that you soon shall know.  
 Your coats of green lay on the ground,  
 And so we will all three;  
 And take our swords and bucklers round,  
 And try the victory.  
 We be content the keepers said,  
 We be three and no less;  
 Then why should we of you be afraid,  
 As we never did transgress?  
 Why, if you be keepers in this forest,  
 Then we be three rangers good;  
 And will make you know, before you do go,  
 You met with bold Robin Hood.  
 We be content thou bold outlaw,  
 Our valour here to try,

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And will make you know, before you go,  
We will fight before we fly.  
Then draw your swords, ye bold out-laws,  
And no longer stand to prate,  
But let us try it out with blows,  
For cowards we do hate.  
Here's one for thee, Will Scarlet,  
And another for Little John;  
And I myself for Robin Hood,  
Because he is stout and strong.  
So they fell to it hard and sore,  
It was on a midsummer day;  
From eight of the clock, till two and past,  
They all shewed gallant play.  
There Robin, Will, and Little John,  
They fought most manfully,  
Till all their wind was spent and gone,  
Then Robin aloud did cry.  
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,  
I see you be stout men;  
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,  
Then I'll fight with you again.  
That bargain is to make Robin Hood,  
Therefore we it deny;  
They blast upon the bugle horn  
Cannot make us fight or fly.  
Therefore fall on, or else be gone,  
And yield to us the day;  
It never shall be said that we are afraid  
Of thee, or thy yeomen gay.  
If that be so, cries Robin Hood,  
Let me but know your names,

And

L

And



And in the forest of merry Sherwood  
 I will extol your fames.  
 And with our names one of them said,  
 What hast thou here to do?  
 Except that thou wilt fight it out,  
 Our names thou shalt not know.  
 We will fight no more, said bold Robin Hood,  
 Ye be men of valour stout;  
 Come and go with me to Nottingham,  
 And there we'll fight it out,  
 With a but of sack we'll bang it about,  
 To see who wins the day:  
 And for the cost make you no doubt,  
 I have gold enough to pay.  
 And ever hereafter as long as we live,  
 We all will brethren be;  
 For I love those men with hand and heart,  
 That will fight and ne'er flee.

—\*—

20. *Robin Hood and the Beggar; shewing how he and the Beggar fought, and changed Cloaths.*

**C**OME light and listen you gentlemen all,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 That myrth do love for to hear;  
 And a story true I'll tell unto you,  
 If that you will but draw near.  
 In elder times when merriments were,  
 And archery was holden good,  
 There was an outlaw as many do know,

Which

Which men call'd Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,

Bold Robin he was merrily disposed,

His time for to spend he did intend,

Either with friends or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant steed,

ood, The which was worth angels ten,

With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,

He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,

Some pastime for to espy,

There was he aware of a jolly beggar,

As ever he beheld with his eye.

An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,

Which he daily used for to wear;

And many a bag about him did wag,

Which made Robin to him repair.

God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood then;

What countryman, tell unto me?

I am Yorkshire, Sir, but ere you go far,

Some charity give unto me.

he and have no money, said Robin Hood then,

s. For I am a Ranger within this wood:

I am an outlaw as many do know,

all, My name it is Robin Hood.

a down But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,

That a bout with thee I must try;

Thy coat of grey, lay it down I say,

And my mantle of green shall be by.

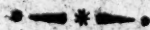
Content, content, the beggar, he cry'd,

Thy part it will be the worse;

For

Which

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all, My name it is Robin Hood.

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That a bout with thee I must try;

Thy coat of grey, lay it down I say,

And my mantle of green shall be by.

Content, content, the beggar, he cry'd,

Thy part it will be the worse;

For

Which

For I hope this bout to give thee the route,  
And then have at thy purse.  
The beggar he had a mickle long staff.  
And Robin he'd a nut brown sword:  
The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,  
But gave him never a word.  
Fight on fight on, said Robin Hood then,  
This game well please me;  
For every blow that Robin gave,  
The beggar gave buffets three.  
And fighting there full hard and sore  
Not far from Nottingham town;  
They never fled, till from Robin's head  
The blood ran trickling down;  
O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
And thou and I will agree;  
If that be true, the beggar he said,  
Thy mantle come give unto me.  
Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,  
Thy bags and thy coat give me,  
And this mantle of mine to thee I'll resign,  
My horse and my bravery.  
When Robin had got the beggar's cloths  
He look'd him round about;  
Methinks, said he, I seem to be  
A beggar brave and stout.  
For now I have got a bag for my bread,  
And I have another for my corn,  
I have one for salt, another for malt,  
And one for my little horn.  
And now I will a begging go,  
Some charity for to find;

And

And if any more of Robin you'll know,  
In the second part it's behind.  
Now Robin he's to Nottingham bound,  
With a bag hanging down to his knee;  
His staff and his coat scarce worth a groat,  
Yet merrily passed he.  
As Robin passed the streets along,  
He heard a piteous cry;  
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to die.  
Then Robin he hy'd to the sheriff's house,  
Some relief for to seek;  
He skip'd, he leap'd, he caper'd full high,  
As he went along the street.  
But when to the sheriffs house he came,  
There a gentleman fine and brave;  
Thou beggar said he, come tell unto me,  
What is it thou wouldst have?  
No meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,  
That I came here to crave;  
But to beg the lives of yeomen three,  
And that I fain would have.  
That cannot be, thou bold beggar,  
The fact it is so clear,  
I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,  
For stealing our king's deer.  
But when to the gallows they did come,  
There was many a weeping eye:  
O hold your peace said Robin Hood then,  
For certain they shall not die.  
Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew out blasts three;

And

Till



Till an hundred bold archers brave  
 Came kneeling down to his knee.  
 What is your will, master? said they,  
 We are at your command.  
 Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,  
 And see you spare no man.  
 Then they shot east, and they shot west,  
 Their arrows were so keen,  
 The high sheriff and his company  
 No longer could be seen.  
 Then he stept to the brethren three,  
 And away he had them taken;  
 The sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,  
 That dead lay on the plain.  
 And away they went to the merry green wood,  
 And sung with a merry glee;  
 And Robin Hood took these brethren good  
 To be of his yeomandry.

—\*—

21. *Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John; on  
 a narrative of the victory obtained against the Prince  
 of Arragon and the two Giants; and how Will  
 Scarlet married the Princess.*

**N**OW Robin, Will Scarlet, and Little John  
 Were walking over the plain,  
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scarlet  
 With his strong bow had slain.  
 Jog on, jog on, said Robin Hood,

The

The day it runs full fast ;  
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,  
I have not broken my fast ;  
Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,  
I think it wond'rous good,  
Where my nephew, and my bold yeomen,  
Shall be welcome unto the Green Wood.  
With that he took the bugle horn,  
Full well he did it blow ;  
Straight from the woods came marching down  
One hundred tall fellows and more.  
Stand, stand to your arms, cries Will Scarlet,  
Lo, the enemies are within ken ;  
With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,  
And cries they are my bold yeomen.  
Who, when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,  
Crying, master, what is your will ?  
We thought you had in danger been,  
Your horn did sound so shrill.  
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,  
The danger is past and gone ;  
I would have you to welcome my nephew here,  
That hath paid me two for one.  
In feasting and sporting they spent the day,  
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep ;  
Then each one to his quarter's hy'd,  
His guard there for to keep.  
Long had they not walk'd within the green  
Wood  
But Robin he soon espy'd  
A beautiful damsel alone,  
That on a black palfry did ride.

Her

Her riding suit was of a fable blue black,  
 Cypress over her face;  
 Thro' which her rose-like cheeks did blush,  
 All with a comely grace.  
 Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,  
 Quoth Robin tell me right;  
 From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest  
 All in this mournful plight?  
 From London I came, the damsel reply'd,  
 From London upon the Thames,  
 Which circled is! O grief to tell!  
 Besieged with foreign arms,  
 By the proud prince of Arragon,  
 Who swears by his martial hand  
 To have the princess to his spouse,  
 Or else to waste this land.  
 Except that champions can be found  
 That dare fight three to three  
 Against that Prince and giants twain,  
 Most horrid for to see.  
 Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,  
 Strike terror where they come;  
 With serpents hissing on their helms,  
 Instead of feather'd plume.  
 The princess shall be the victor's prize,  
 The king hath vowed and said:  
 And he that shall the conquest win,  
 Shall have her for his bride.  
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad,  
 To the east, west, north, and south  
 To try whole fortune is so good  
 To bring the champions forth.

But



But all in vain we have sought about,

For none so bold there are,

That dare adventure life and blood

To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,

Tell me this, and no more:

On midsummer next, the damsel said,

Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled from her cheeks,

And silent was her tongue;

With sighs and sobs she took her leave,

And away her palfry sprung.

This news struck Robin to the heart,

He fell down on the grass,

His actions and his troubled mind

Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will Scarlet

O master tell to me;

If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd thy heart.

I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,

She does not cause my smart:

But it is the poor distress'd Princess

That wounds me to the heart.

I will go fight the giants all,

To set the lady free;

The d—l take my soul, quoth Little John,

If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scarlet,

No, no, that must not be;

I'll make a third man in the fight,

So we shall be three to three.

But

M

The

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,  
 Joy shone upon his face,  
 Within his arms he hugged them both,  
 And kindly did embrace.  
 Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,  
 With long staves in our hands,  
 A scrip and bottle by our sides,  
 As come from the holy land.  
 So may we pass along the highway,  
 None will ask from whence we came;  
 But take us pilgrims for to be,  
 Or else some holy men.  
 Now they are on their journey gone,  
 As fast as they may speed;  
 Yet, for all their haste, ere they arriv'd,  
 The Princess forth was led  
 To be deliver'd to the Prince,  
 Who in the lists did stand  
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive  
 This lady by the hand.  
 With that he walk'd about the list,  
 With giants by his side;  
 Bring forth, quoth he, your champions,  
 Or bring me forth my bride.  
 This is the four-and-twentieth day,  
 The day prefix'd upon;  
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,  
 I swear by Alcoran.  
 Then cri'd the king, and queen likewise,  
 (Both weeping as they spake,)  
 Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,  
 Whom we're forc'd to forsake.

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With that steps out bold Robin Hood,  
Cries my liege it must not be so;  
Such beauty as the fair princess,  
Is not fit for a tyrant's maw.  
The Prince he then began to storm,  
Cries fool, fanatic, baboon,  
How dare you stop my valor's prize;  
I'll kill you with a frown.  
Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel!  
Thus Robin began to reply;  
Thy frowns I scorn; so, here's my gage,  
And thus I thee defy,  
And for those two Goliaths there,  
That stand on either side,  
Here are two little Davids by  
That soon can tame their pride.  
Then did the King for armor send,  
For lances, swords, and shields;  
And thus all three, in armor bright,  
Came marching in the field.  
The trumpets began to sound a charge,  
Each singled out his man;  
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,  
Blood sprang from ev'ry vein.  
The Prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,  
He struck with might and main;  
Which made him reel about the field  
As though he had been slain.  
God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow  
The quarrel shall soon be tri'd;  
This stroke shall shew a full divorce  
Between thee and thy bride.



So from his shoulders his head he cut,  
Which on the ground did fall;  
And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,  
To be so dealt withal.  
The giants they began to rage,  
To see their Prince lie dead;  
Thou shalt be next, quoth Little John,  
Unless thou do guard thy head.  
With that his falchion he whirl'd about,  
It was both keen and sharp;  
He clove the giant to the belt,  
And cut in twain his heart.  
Will Scarlet well had play'd his part,  
The giant he brought on his knee;  
Quoth Will, the devil can't break his fast  
Unless he has you all three.  
So with his falchion he run him through,  
A deep and gashly wound,  
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,  
And then fell to the ground.  
Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,  
The skies they did resound,  
Which brought the Princess to herself,  
Who was fall'n into a swoon.  
The King and Queen, and Princess fair,  
Came walking to the place,  
And gave the champions many thanks,  
And did them further grace.  
Tell me, quoth the King, whence ye are,  
That thus disguised came,  
Whose valor speaks that noble blood  
Both run through ev'ry vein?

A boon.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,  
 On my knees I beg and crave:  
 By my crown, quoth the King, I grant—  
 Ask what?—and thou shalt have.  
 Then pardon I beg for my merry men,  
 Which are in the green wood;  
 For Little John and Will Scarlet,  
 And me bold Robin Hood.  
 Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the King—  
 For the valor thou hast shewn  
 Your pardon I do freely grant,  
 And welcome ev'ry one.  
 The Princess I promis'd the victor's prize,  
 But she can't have all three;  
 She shall choose, quoth Robin; said Little John,  
 Then little share falls to me.  
 Then did the Princess view all three,  
 With a comely lovely grace;  
 And took Will Scarlet by the hand,  
 Saying, here I make my choice.  
 With that, a noble Lord stepp'd forth,  
 Of Maxfield, Earl was he;  
 Who look'd Will Scarlet in the face,  
 Then wept most bitterly.  
 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,  
 Whom I lov'd wond'rous well;  
 But he is gone, or rather dead,  
 His name is young Gamewell.  
 With that Will Scarlet fell on his knees,  
 Crying—father! father! here,  
 Here kneels your son, your young Gamewell,  
 You said you lov'd so dear.

But

But, Lord, what embracing and kissing was there,  
 When all these friends were met!  
 They're gone to wedding, and so to bedding,  
 And so I bid you good night.

## 22.

## LITTLE JOHN &amp; THE FOUR BEGGARS.

*Shewing how he went a-begging & fought four beggars,  
 and what a Prize he got by them.*

*Tune of—Robin Hood and the Beggar.*

**A**LL you that delight to spend some time,  
 with a hey down, down, and a down.

A merry song for to sing,

To me draw near, and you shall hear

How Little John went a-begging.

As Robin Hood walk'd the forest along,

With all his yeomendree,

Says Robin, some of you a-begging must go,

And Little John it must be thee.

Says John, if I must a-begging go,

I'll have a palmer's weed,

With a staff and coat, and bags of all sorts,

The better then I shall speed.

Come give me now a bag for my bread,

And another for my cheese;

And one for a penny, if I get any,

That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John is a-begging gone,

Seeking for some relief;

But of all the beggars he met on the way,

Little John he was the chief.

But



But as he was walking himself alone,  
Four beggars he chanc'd to spy;  
Some deaf, some blind, and some came behind,  
Says John, here's a brave company.  
Good-morrow, says John, my brethren dear,  
Good fortune I had you to see;  
Which way do you go? pray let me know,  
For I want some company.  
O what's here to do? said Little John,  
Why ring all these bells? said he,  
What dog is hanging? come, let us be ganging,  
That we the truth may see.  
Here is no dog, one of them said,  
Good fellow, I tell unto thee;  
But here's one dead, will give us cheese and bread,  
And it may be one single penny.  
We have brethren in London, another said,  
So we have in Coventry,  
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world over,  
But ne'er a crooked earl like thee.  
Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked earl,  
And take that knock on the crown;  
Nay, said Little John, I'll not be gone,  
For a bout I will have with you round.  
Now have at you all, said Little John,  
If you be so full of your blows?  
Fight on all four, and ne'er give o'er,  
Whether ye be friends or foes.  
John nipp'd the dumb, and made him roar,  
And the blind that could not see,  
And he that a cripple had been sev'n years,  
He made him run faster than he.

But

And

And flinging them all against the wall,  
 With many a sturdy bang;  
 It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,  
 And against the wall cry twang.  
 Then he got out of the beggars' cloaks,  
 Three hundred pounds in gold;  
 Good fortune had I, said Little John,  
 Such a sight for to behold.  
 But found he, in the beggars' bags,  
 Three hundred pounds and three;  
 If I drink water, while this doth last,  
 Then an ill death may I die.  
 And the begging trade I'll now give o'er,  
 My fortune hath been so good,  
 Therefore I'll not stay, but I will away  
 To the forest of merry Sherwood.  
 But when to the forest of Sherwood he came,  
 He quickly there did see  
 Bold Robin Hood, his master good,  
 And all his company.  
 What news, what news? said Robin Hood,  
 Come, Little John, tell unto me;  
 How hast thou sped with thy beggar's trade.  
 For that I fain would see.  
 No news but good, said Little John.  
 With begging full well I have sped;  
 Three hundred and three I have here for thee,  
 In silver and gold so red.  
 Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,  
 And danced about the oak tree,  
 If we drink water while this doth last,  
 Then an ill death may we die.

So

So to conclude my merry new song,  
 All you that delight to sing,  
 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
 And how Little John went a-begging.

## 23.

ROBIN HOOD & THE RANGER;  
 Or, — *True Friendship after a fierce Fight.*

Tune of — *Arthur O'Bland.*

**W**HEN Phœbus had melted the ickles of ice,  
 with a hey down, down, and a down,  
 And likewise the mountains of snow,  
 Bold Robin Hood he would frolicsome be,  
 And ramble about with his bow.  
 He left all his merry men waiting behind,  
 While through the green vallies he past;  
 There he did behold a forester bold,  
 Who cri'd out, friend, whither so fast?  
 I'm going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck,  
 For me and my merry men all;  
 Besides, ere I go, I will have a fat doe,  
 Or else it shall cost me a fall.  
 You'd best have a care, said the forester then,  
 For these are his Majesty's deer;  
 Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,  
 For I am head forester here.  
 These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin, I'm  
 My arrows I here have let fly, [sure  
 Where freely I range, methinks it is strange  
 You should have more power than I.

N

This



This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,  
 And so are the nimble deer too;  
 Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
 I wont be affronted by you.  
 The forester he had a long quarter-staff,  
 Likewise a broad sword by his side;  
 Which, without more ado, he presently drew,  
 Declaring the truth should be tri'd.  
 Bold Robin had a sword of the best,  
 Thus, ere he would take any wrong,  
 His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,  
 And thus they fell to it ding dong.  
 The very first blow that the forester gave,  
 He made his broad weapon cry twang;  
 'Twas over the head, he lay down for dead,  
 O that was a damnable bang.  
 But Robin he soon recover'd himself,  
 And bravely fell to it again;  
 The very next stroke, their weapons they broke,  
 Yet neither of them was slain.  
 At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,  
 Because they would have the other bout;  
 And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,  
 Unwilling he was to give out.  
 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,  
 The other return'd them as fast;  
 At every stroke, their jackets did smoke;  
 Three hours this combat did last.  
 At length in a rage the bold forrester grew,  
 And cudgell'd bold Robin so sore  
 That he could not stand; so, shaking his hand,  
 He cri'd—let us freely give o'er.

Thou

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess,

I never knew any so good;

Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,

And live in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee a ring as a token of love,

For bravely thou'st acted thy part;

The man that can fight, in him I delight,

And love him with all my whole heart.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,

A blast he merrily blows;

His yeomen did hear, and straight did appear.

A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,

Cloth'd in a rich mantle of green;

And, likewise, the rest were gloriously dress'd,

A delicate sight to be seen.

Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,

And thou shalt be one of the train;

A mantle and bow, a quiver also,

I give them whom I entertain.

The forester willingly entered the list,

They were such a beautiful sight;

Then, with a long bow they shot a fat doe,

And made a good supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,

For joy of another new mate!

With mirth & delight they spent the long night,

And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,

As when he was with these brave souls;

Who never would fail, in wine, beer and ale,

To take off their cherishing bowls.

Then

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,  
 Broad arrows and a curious long bow;  
 This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,  
 He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to your trust,  
 And then we may range the woods wide;  
 They all did declare, and solemnly swear,  
 They'd conquer or die by his side.

24. *The King's disguise and friendship with Robin Hood.*

*To a northern tune.*

**K**ING Richard, hearing of the pranks  
 Of Robin Hood and his men,  
 He much admir'd, and more desir'd,  
 To see both him and them.  
 Then, with a dozen of his lords,  
 To Nottingham he rode;  
 When he came there, he made good cheer,  
 And took up his abode.  
 He, having staid there some time,  
 But had no hopes to speed,  
 He and his lords, with one accord,  
 All put on monks' weeds.  
 From Fountain Abbey they did ride,  
 Down to Barnsdale;  
 Where Robin Hood prepared flood,  
 All company to assail.  
 The king was higher than the rest,  
 And Robin thought he had  
 An abbot been, whom he had seen,  
 To rob him he was glad.

He



He took the king's horse by the head,

Abbot, says he, abide;

I'm bound to rue such knaves as you,

That live in pomp and pride.

But we are messengers from the king,

The king himself did say;

Near to this place, his royal grace

To speak with thee doth stay.

God save the king, said Robin Hood

And all that with him well;

He that does deny his sovereignty,

I wish he was in hell.

O thou thyself curleth, replies the king,

For thou a traitor art,

Nay, but that you are his messenger,

I swear you lie in heart.

For I never hurt any man,

That honest is and true;

But those who give their minds to live

Upon other men's due.

I never hurt the husbandmen,

That use to till the ground;

Nor spill their blood, that range the wood

To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is,

Who in these days bear a great sway;

Of fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks,

I make my chiefest prey.

But I'm very glad, said Robin Hood,

That I have met you here;

Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,

Taste of our green wood cheer.

The king then did marvel much,  
 And so did all his men;  
 They thought, with fear, what kind of cheer  
 Robin would provide for them.  
 Robin took the king's horse by the head,  
 And led him to his tent;  
 Thou shalt not be so us'd, quoth he,  
 But that my king thee sent.  
 Nay, more than that, said Robin Hood,  
 For good King Richard's sake,  
 If you had as much gold as ever I told,  
 I would not one penny take.  
 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
 And a loud blast did he blow,  
 Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men  
 Came marching all of a row.  
 And when they came bold Robin before,  
 Each man did bend his knee:  
 O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,  
 And a seemly sight to see.  
 Within himself the king did say,  
 These men of Robin Hood's  
 More humble be than mine to me,  
 So the court may learn of the woods.  
 So then they all to dinner went,  
 Upon a carpet green,  
 Black, yellow, red, fine mingled,  
 Most curious to be seen.  
 Venison and fowls were plenty there,  
 With fish out of the river;  
 King Richard swore, on sea or shore,  
 He was never feasted better.

Then

Then Robin takes a can of ale,  
Come, let us now begin;  
Come, every man shall have a can,  
Here's a health unto the king.  
Then the king himself drank to the king,  
So round about it went;  
Two barrells of ale, both stout and stale,  
To pledge that health were spent.  
And, after that, a bowl of wine  
In his hand took Robin Hood:  
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,  
While I live in the green wood.  
Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,  
And, with a grey goose wing,  
Such sport now shew, as you would do  
In the presence of the king.  
They shewed such brave archery,  
By cleaving sticks and wands,  
That the king did say, such men as they  
Live not in many lands.  
Well, Robin Hood, then says the king,  
If I could thy pardon get,  
To serve the king in every thing,  
Would'st thou thy mind firm set?  
Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin Hood said,  
So they flung off their hoods;  
To serve the king in every thing,  
They swore they would spend their blood.  
For a clergyman was first my bane,  
Which makes me hate them all;  
But if you'll be so kind to me,  
Love them again I shall.

The



The king no longer could forbear,  
 For he was mov'd with truth;  
 Robin, said he, I'll now tell thee  
 The very naked truth.  
 I am the king, thy sovereign king,  
 That appears before you all;  
 When Robin saw that it was he,  
 Straight then he down did fall.  
 Stand up again, then said the king.  
 I'll thee thy pardon give;  
 Stand up, my friend; who can contend,  
 When I give leave to live?  
 So they're all gone to Nottingham,  
 All shouting as they came:  
 But when the people did them see,  
 They thought the king was slain.  
 And, for that cause these outlaws were come  
 To rule all as they'd list;  
 And, for to shun, which way to run,  
 The people did not wist.  
 The ploughman left his plough in the field,  
 The smith ran from his shop;  
 Old folks, that scarce could go,  
 Over their sticks did hop.  
 The king soon let them understand  
 He had been in the green wood,  
 And from that day, for evermore,  
 Had forgiven Robin Hood.  
 When the people they did hear,  
 And that the truth was known,  
 They all did sing, God save the king,  
 Hang care, the town's our own.

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What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,

That varlet do I hate;

Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,

And serv'd us all with one plate.

Ho, ho, said Robin, I know what you mean,

Come take your gold again:

Be friends with me, and I with thee,

And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid;

And, since you are the beginner,

As well as you, give me my due,

You ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that it should please the king

So much your house to grace

To sup with you; for, to speak true,

I know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff could not that gain say,

For a trick was put upon him;

A supper was dress'd the king was guest,

But he thought it would have undone him.

They're all gone now to London court,

Robin Hood with all his train;

He once was there a noble peer,

And now he's there again.

Many such pranks brave Robin play'd

While he liv'd in the green wood:

Now my friends attend, for here's an end

Of honest bold Robin Hood.

Given and his first met 25.

ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN.

*Being an account of their first meeting and fierce encounter. To which is added—their friendly agreement, and how he came to be called Little John.*

Tune—Arthur O'Bland.

**W**HEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 He happen'd to meet Little John;  
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for his trade;  
 For he was a lusty young man,  
 Though he was called Little, his limbs were large,  
 And his stature was seven feet high;  
 Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,  
 For he soon would make them to fly.  
 How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,  
 If you will but listen awhile;  
 For this very jest, among all the rest.  
 I think may cause you to smile.  
 For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen  
 Pray tarry you here in this grove,  
 And see that you all observe when I call,  
 While through the forest I rove.  
 We have had no sport these fourteen days,  
 Therefore abroad I will go;  
 Now, should I be beat, and cannot retreat,  
 My horn I will presently blow.  
 Then he did shake hands with his merry men,  
 And bade them all good bye;  
 Then, as near a brook, his journey he took,  
 A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They



They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,  
And neither of them would give way;  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,  
I'll shew you right Nottingham play.  
With that, from his quiver an arrow he drew,  
A broad arrow with a goose wing;  
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide  
If thou offer to touch the string.  
Quoth bold Robin, thou dost prate like an ass,  
For, were I but to bend my bow,  
I could send a dart quite through thy proud heart  
Before thou could'st strike me one blow.  
Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd,  
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,  
To shoot at my breast, while I do protest  
I have nought but a staff in my hand.  
The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,  
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by;  
And now for thy sake, a staff I will take,  
The truth of thy manhood to try.  
Then Robin stepp'd to a thicket of trees,  
And chose him a staff of good oak;  
Now, this being done, away he did run  
To the stranger, and merrily spoke.  
Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,  
Now here on the bridge we will play;  
Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
The battle, and so we'll away.  
With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,  
I scorn in the least to give out:  
This said, they fell to't, without any dispute,  
And their staves they did flourish about.

As

At first, Robin gave the stranger a bang,  
 So hard, that it made his bones ring;  
 The stranger he said, this must be repaid,  
 I'll give you as good as you bring.  
 So long as I'm able to handle a staff,  
 To die in your debt, friend, I scorn;  
 Then to it both goes, and follow'd their blows,  
 As if they'd been thrashing of corn.  
 The stranger gave Robin a knock on the crown,  
 Which caus'd the blood to appear;  
 Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,  
 And follow'd his blows most severe.  
 So thick and so fast he did lay on him,  
 With a passionate fury and ire;  
 At every stroke he made him to smoke,  
 As though he had been all on fire.  
 O then in a fury the stranger he grew,  
 And gave him a damnable look,  
 And with it a blow, that laid him full low,  
 And tumbled him into the brook.  
 I prythee, good fellow, where art thou now?  
 The stranger in laughter he cry'd,  
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith, in the flood,  
 And floating along with the tide.  
 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,  
 With thee I'll no longer contend;  
 For needs I must say, thou hast got the day,  
 Our battle shall be at an end.  
 Then unto the bank he did presently wade,  
 And pull'd himself up by a thorn;  
 Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast  
 Straightway on his fine bugle horn.

The

The echo of which through the valleys did ring,  
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,  
All clothed in green, most gay to be seen,  
So up to their master they steer'd.  
O, what is the matter, quoth Will Stutely,  
Good master, you're wet to the skin;  
No matter, quoth he, the man that you see  
In fighting hath tumbled me in.  
He shall not go shot-free, the other reply'd  
So strait they were seizing him there  
To duck him likewise, but Robin Hood cries,  
He is a stout fellow, forbear.  
There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not  
These bowmen upon me wait;  
There's three score and nine, if thou wilt be mine,  
Thou shalt have my livery straight.  
And other accoutrements fitting also,  
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;  
I'll teach thee also, the use of my bow,  
To shoot at the fat fallow deer.  
O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,  
I'll serve thee with all my heart;  
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,  
Never doubt me but I'll play my part.  
His name shall be alter'd, quoth Will Stutely,  
And I will his godfather be;  
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,  
For we will be merry, quoth he.  
They presently fetch'd in a brace of fat does,  
With humming strong liquor likewise;  
They lov'd what was good, so in the green wood,  
This pretty sweet babe they baptiz'd,

He



He was, I must tell you, but seven feet high,  
 And, may be, an ell in the waiste:  
 He was a sweet lad, much feasting they had,  
 Bold Robin the chris'ning grac'd.  
 With all his bowmen which stood in a ring,  
 And were of the Nottingham breed,  
 This infant was called John Little, quoth he,  
 Which name shall be changed anon;  
 The words we'll transpose, so, wherever he goes,  
 His name shall be called Little John.  
 They all with a shout made the elements ring;  
 So soon as the office was o'er,  
 To feasting they went, with true merriment,  
 And tippled strong liquors galore.  
 Then Robin he took the sweet pretty babe,  
 And cloth'd him from top to toe  
 In garments of green, most gay to be seen,  
 And gave him a curious long bow.  
 Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,  
 And range in the green wood with us,  
 Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,  
 While bishops have aught in their purse.  
 We live here like squires or lords of renown,  
 Without e'er a foot of freeland;  
 We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,  
 And every thing at your command.  
 Then music and dancing did finish the day;  
 At length, when the sun waxed low,  
 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,  
 And into their caves they did go.  
 And so ever after, as long as they liv'd,  
 Although he was proper and tall.

Yet

Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,  
Still Little John they did him call.

26.

*The Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood,  
and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale.*

**SOME** will talk of Robin Hood,  
And some of Barons bold; [Hereford,  
But I will tell you how they serv'd the Bishop of  
When he robb'd him of his gold.  
As it befel in merry Barnsdale,  
And undea the Green Wood Tree,  
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,  
With all his company.  
Come, kill a venison, then said Robin Hood,  
Come kill me a good fat deer:  
The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day  
And he shall pay well for his cheer.  
We'll kill a fat venison, said bold Robin Hood,  
And dress it by the highway side;  
And we'll watch the bishop narrowly,  
Lest some other way he should ride.  
Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's array,  
And six of his men also;  
And when the Bishop of Hereford came by,  
They about the fire did go.  
O, what is the matter, then said the bishop,  
Or for whom do you make this ado?  
Or why do you kill the king's venison,  
And your company is so few?

Yet

We

We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And we keep sheep all the year;  
 And we are so dispos'd to be merry to-day,  
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.  
 You are brave fellows, said the bishop,  
 But the king your doings shall know:  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
 For before the king you shall go.  
 O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,  
 O pardon, I thee pray,  
 For it becomes not your lordship's coat  
 To take so many lives away.  
 No pardon, no pardon, says the bishop,  
 No pardon I thee owe;  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
 For before the king you shall go.  
 Then Robin set his back against a tree,  
 And his foot against a thorn,  
 And from underneath his shepherd's coat  
 He pull'd out a bugle horn.  
 He put the little end to his mouth,  
 And a loud blast he did blow,  
 Till three score and ten of bold Robin's men  
 Came running all on a row,  
 All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,  
 'Twas a comely fight for to see:  
 What is the matter, master, said Little John,  
 That you blow so hastily?  
 O here is the bishop of Hereford,  
 And no pardon we shall have;  
 Cut off his head, master, said Little John,  
 And throw him into his grave.  
 O pardon,



O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,  
O pardon, I thee pray;  
For if I had known it had been you,  
I'd gone some other way.  
No pardon, no pardon, says Robin Hood,  
No pardon I thee owe;  
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.  
Then Robin took the bishop by the hand,  
And led him to merry Barnsdale;  
He made him stay and sup with him that night,  
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.  
Call in the reckoning, said the bishop,  
For methinks it grows wond'rous high:  
Lend me your purlie, master, said Little John,  
And I'll tell you, bye-and-bye,  
Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,  
And spread it upon the ground,  
And out of the bishop's portmanteau  
He took three hundred pounds.  
Here's money enough, master, said Little John,  
And a comely sight for to see;  
It makes me in charity with the bishop,  
Though he heartily loveth not me.  
Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,  
And caused the music to play;  
He made the bishop dance in his boots,  
And glad he could get away.

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 And we keep sheep all the year;  
 And we are so dispos'd to be merry to-day,  
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.  
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He made him stay and sup with him that night,  
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.  
Call in the reckoning, said the bishop,  
For methinks it grows wond'rous high:  
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,  
And I'll tell you, bye-and-bye,  
Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,  
And spread it upon the ground,  
And out of the bishop's portmanteau  
He took three hundred pounds.  
Here's money enough, master, said Little John,  
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And caused the music to play;  
He made the bishop dance in his boots,  
And glad he could get away.



27.

## ROBIN HOOD &amp; THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

*Together with—an account of his death and burial, &c.**Tune,—Robin Hood and the fifteen foresters.*

**W**HEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,  
 derry, derry, down,  
 Had reigned many years,  
 The king was then told, he had been too bold  
 To his bishops and noble peers. Hey down, &c.  
 Therefore they call'd a council of state,  
 To know what was best to be done  
 For to quell their pride; or else, they repli'd,  
 The land would be over-run.  
 Having consulted a whole summer's day,  
 At length it was agreed  
 That one should be sent, to try the event  
 And fetch him away with speed.  
 Therefore, a trusty and worthy knight  
 The king was pleas'd to call,  
 Sir William, by name; when to him he came,  
 He told him his pleasure all.  
 Go you, from hence, to bold Robin Hood,  
 And bid him, without more ado,  
 Surrender himself; or else, the proud elf  
 Shall suffer, with all his crew.  
 Take here an hundred bowmen brave,  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Of excellent art, for to take thy part,  
 In glittering armor bright.

Then

Then said the knight, my soveraign liege,  
By me they shall be led;  
I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,  
And bring him alive or dead.  
One hundred men were chosen straight,  
As proper as ever a man saw;  
On midsummer-day they marched away,  
To conquer that brave outlaw.  
With long yew bows and shining spears,  
They marched in mickle pride,  
And ne'er delay'd, or halted, or stay'd,  
Till they came to the green wood side.  
Said he to his archers, tarry here,  
Your bows make ready all,  
That, if need be, you may follow me,  
And see that you observe my call.  
I'll go in person first, he cri'd,  
With the letters of my good king,  
Well sign'd and seal'd; and, if he will yield,  
We need not draw one string.  
He wander'd about, till at length he came  
To the tent of Robin Hood;  
The letters he shews, bold Robin arose,  
And there on his guard he stood.  
They'd have me surrender, quoth Robin Hood,  
And lie at their mercy then;  
But tell them from me, that never shall be.  
While I have full seven score men.  
Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,  
Did offer to seize him there,  
Which William Locksley by fortune did see,  
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then

Then

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew a blast or twain,  
And so did the knight, at which there in fight  
The archers came all amain.  
Sir William with care he drew up his men,  
And plac'd them in battle array;  
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind,  
Now this was a bloody fray.  
The archers, on both sides, bent their bows,  
And the clouds of arrows flew;  
The very first flight that honored knight  
Did there bid the world adieu.  
Yet, nevertheless, their fight did last  
From morning till almost noon;  
Both parties were stout, and loath to give out,  
This was on the last of June.  
At length they went off; one party they went  
For London with free good will;  
And Robin Hood he to the green wood tree,  
And there he was taken ill.  
He sent for a monk to let him blood,  
Who took his life away;  
Now, this being done, his archers they run,  
It was not time to stay.  
Some went on board, and cross'd the seas  
To Flanders, France, and Spain;  
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,  
But soon return'd again.  
Thus he, that ne'er fear'd bow nor spear,  
Was murder'd by letting of blood;  
And so, loving friends, the story doth end  
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.

There's



There's nothing remains but his epitaph, now,  
Which, reader, here you have;  
To this very day, read it you may,  
As it is upon his grave.

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## EPITAPH.

ROBERT, Earl of Huntingdon,  
Lies here, his labor being done;  
No Archer was like him so good,  
His wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.  
Full thirteen years, and somewhat more,  
These Northern parts he vexed sore:  
Such Outlaws as he and his men,  
May England never know again.



A NEW  
ROBIN HOOD SONG.

SUNG BY MR. BEARD

As blithe as the linnets sing in the green woods,  
So blithe we'll wake, we'll wake the morn, so blithe &c.  
And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood,  
We'll wind the bugle born, we'll wind &c.

The sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood,  
Bold Robin disdains to fly;  
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,  
Or, vanquish boys, or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and bows they are good,  
And well their masters know;  
They are call'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,  
And never will spare a foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,  
We'll hunt them all over the plain;  
And through the wide forest of merry Sherwood,  
No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who ne'er were subdu'd,  
Gave each his hand so bold,  
We'll range thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,  
What say my hearts of gold? What say &c.

10 JU 52

THE END.

&c.

d,